Rev. Geo. J. Porter
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# The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

AUGUST, 1867.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

# THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV. AUGUST, 1867. Vol. III.

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# THE LAND WE LOVE.

NO. IV. AUGUST, 1867. VOL. III.

## THE 2ND MISSOURI CAVALRY.

THE great civil war of 1861-5 developed much character, and held prominently forth many examples of the most exalted patriotism. These examples are recognized in the names made famous, on the one, or the other side—in the Semmeses, Pelhams, and Morgans—in the McClellans, Buels, and Grants. But this merited fame did not, or should not, cluster alone around the brow of the great individual man. There were organized bodies of men, as such, which appropriated to themselves, by the acknowledgement of all intelligent observers, by their own sacrifices and achievements, a distinction, alike honorable and enduring. Yea, even the individual private, with nought before him but hardship and danger, often signalized himself, so rarely and so highly above his fellows, that it becomes the duty of the historian to point him out, and honor him wherever his conduct can be authenticated.—Oh, that the obscure heroes of the Confederate army, could one by one, be singled out, and receive that meed of praise due to such disinterested service. He who is living has, it is true, the sweetest recompence known to erring humanity—that of duty performed. But the dead—

"Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay."

With the monumental name is associated the same glorious inward peace. It has, therefore, a double portion.

We would do injustice to none of the participants in the mighty contest waged for Confederate Independence with such terrible earnestness, yet we can but think many minds will concur with us when we say that those men of Kentucky, Missouri and Maryland, who, at the commencement of the revolution abandoned home and its unspeakable joys, proper-

ty, kindred, and all their hallowed associations, and turned their backs sorrowfully, but firmly, upon all usually held dear by man, and threw themselves body and soul into the army of the South to battle unto death for principle, have a higher claim for sympathy and homage than any others.—With them it was an immediate, wholesale, absolute and perfect sacrifice. All was yielded, with a sigh it is true; its bitterness tempered only by the convictions of duty. They left their own homes and household gods behind them, subject to all the painful discipline of war, to fight for and around the homes and household gods of others. Who cannot bless and honor such men?

Among those who so freely threw themselves into this deadly breach in 1861, was the 2nd Missiouri regiment of cavalry, commanded by Col. Robert McCulloch. We purpose, as a matter of interest to thousands of readers, as well as merited justice to this gallant body of men, to give something of its history.

It was one of the oldest organizations in the service. The men mostly composing it enlisted in June, 1861, obeying the rallying call of Sterling Price, when he found the solemn faith of the Price-Harney treaty was broken by President Lincoln, and military coercion was proclaimed as the basis and charter of his administration. As an organization it served with fidelity in the Missouri State Guard, until that was about to be dissolved, when the larger part of it entered regularly for the war, into the service of the Confederate States. When Major General Price, after the battle of Elkhorn, or Pea Ridge, was ordered across the Mississippi river, this regiment went with him to Corinth. From that time forward, it was in continuous service, always in the field, in the States of Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee, until the surrender by Lieut. General Taylor.—None bore itself on each and every battle field with more conspicuous gallantry. Its maximum number in the Cis-Mississippi department was 871 men. It surrendered 191 men—some 60 others surrendering with it, properly belonging to other Missouri and Arkansas commands. It participated with unusual credit in more than 90 battles and skirmishes. We shall mention only the most important. All the battles of Gen. Price, Oak Hills, or Wilson's Creek, and Lexington particularly, bear testimony to both dash and rocky firmness. On the famous retreat from Springfield in February, 1862, it was greatly honored by having the post of danger, and well did it sustain itself. Its action at Pea Ridge will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it—a feat seldom attempted and seldom successful when attempted. On the afternoon of the 7th March 1862, Curtis and Seigle had prepared for a grand charge against Price's advancing army, the watchful McCulloch anticipated just such a movement, and fearing no order would reach him in time (anticipated an order from Gen. Price, which had been sent but did not reach him at the moment) dis-

mounted his men to receive the charge, and seeing an opportunity to inflict serious damage on the defiant enemy, he charged with a yell on the charging column four times his number. So unexpected and gallant was the movement that the Federals recoiled and were soon in undisguised flight. This conduct received from Price and Van Dorn the largest praise. It was the talk of the army.—Gen. Price said it constituted the best heroism of the day, and in general orders and in person returned thanks to McCulloch for his keen perception, and prompt action, without waiting for orders.

At the capture of Courtland, Ala., July 25, 1862, this regiment led the way; at the fight at Middleburg, Tenn., Aug 30, 1862, it fought hand to hand with pistol and sabre. It had the small number of 192 men present, and was opposed by 400 of the 2nd Illinois cavalry—one of the fiercest commands in the Federal army, and two regiments of near 1000 infantry. It was ambushed, and had 27 men dismounted the first fire, yet with Spartan coolness, it moved neither to the right nor left, seeing that desperate charging valor was all that could save it.—It routed the infantry, strange and incredible as it may seem, crossed the railroad in single file, and drove off the 2nd Illinois cavalry, formed ready to receive it about 100 yards from the road.—Here it was that Col. McCulloch shot Lt. Col. Hogg, and knocked another man from his horse with his empty pistol. He and Lieut. Thomas Turner were beset by six men, the two above named and four others, and by superior marksmanship killed them all, without receiving dangerous injury themselves.

At Vandorn's capture of Holly Springs, Dec. 20, 1862, it was selected as usual, but in its full force, to lead the way. It captured the pickets, took possession of the depot, and occupied the public square, taking and holding several hundred prisoners. At the battle of Cold Water, April 19, 1863, it held 1,700 men at bay the entire day, preventing them from crossing. It bore such a leading part in the Okalona and West Point fights, February, 1864, where Forrest won one of his greatest victories, that special notice was given to it and Col. McCulloch by the commanding General.

At Fort Pillow it was placed in the post of honor, and right well did it sustain its reputation.—When Forrest determined on his grand *coup de main*, in order to draw A. J. Smith from Oxford with his 20,000 men, by his dashing assault on Memphis, this regiment was part of the 2000 who accompanied him. It led the way and did the heaviest fighting, losing 23 men out of the 39 lost by the whole command in the capture of the place.

All who are conversant with military operations in Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, will recollect Farmington, Booneville and Baldwin, Medan, Denmark, Iuka, Corinth, Lagrange, Abbeville, Looxahooma, Cochran's Cross Roads, Senatobia 1st and 2nd, Quinn's Mills, Grenada, Sa-

lem, Collierville 1st and 2nd, Wyatt, Moscow, Harrisburg, (the fights 13th, 14th, 15th July around Tupelo) and all the many engagements about Oxford with A. J. Smith—besides Robert's Ferry, Davidson's Creek and Pascagoula. In all of these, this command sustained the highest character—it was called "a crack regiment." It is undeniably true that it has been a Stonewall regiment—for when an enthusiastic onset, or a mountain steadiness has been desired by the commanding General, the 2nd Missouri has been called for. It is folly to say men love fighting, however brave they may be, but this regiment was always fullest on the eve of, or during an engagement, and all its absentees, or skulkers, were during the interim—a fact which became proverbial in the brigade. It will be an honor for any soldier through life, to say he was a fighting member of the Stonewall brigade; that he was one of those who fought at Wagner's; that he was one of Maury's division which stormed and took Corinth. There are a number of such Old Guards, and Tenth Legions, and in the cavalry the 2nd Missouri will ever stand as one of the truest in the hour which tried men's souls.

A vast majority of the rank and file, were men, who entered the army at the beginning of the war, and fought through it, without shrinking, or without regret for what they had done. They were among those, who fired the last shot, and clung to the last hope of the Confederacy, with a deep and abiding sincerity. When that hope faded into nothing, when the cause was lost, and lost for ever, and the Federal army pronounced the victor, it yielded cheerfully, and with the same inalienable faith to the surrender and its terms. Not one among them but will move on unfaltering in that faith, in the path of true citizenship,—and for this their unsullied military record is the best security.

There were two McCullochs—Lieut. Col. Robert A. McCulloch, and the colonel of the regiment—one was light complexioned and fair haired, and went under the *sobriquet* of "*White Bob*"—the other, the colonel himself, was dark skinned, sun-browned, and black haired—he went under the *sobriquet* of "*Black Bob.*" The lieutenant colonel was possessed of much of the same sturdiness of character with his cousin, but taciturn and retiring—rarely speaking, except when an emergency of opinion or action demanded it—when he was clear, decided and strong—he commanded the regiment. General Chalmers, in an official paper sent to Richmond, pronounced him the bravest man of his rank in the division.

Major Wm. H. Cozens was a good man and fighter—but a poor commander. When he went into battle, he acted as though he had no duty to perform, but that of fighting—he carried his own gun, and used it with his men. In the Davidson raid, near Mobile, in December 1864, he was commanding the regiment, and with his usual tactics went into the fight—it became a melee—his shots were all gone, his sabre was broken,

and with his fist he knocked his opposing lieutenant down, and brought him, a prisoner, into camp. He was one of Dr. Johnson's "*good haters.*"

Captain George B. Harper was in the service from June 1861, to the day of the surrender. He loved his company, and it loved him. He never would leave it for any office, or any inducement—declining the lieutenant colonelcy, with characteristic modesty, saying, he believed he could make a good captain, and might overstock himself with greater command—the only mistake he made during the war. A model captain he was—never absent during all the war, from his company a single day, except when wounded by a sabre cut in the head; and was present with it, in every battle and every skirmish. His name was a synonym for system and energy and courtesy and courage.

Captain J. R. Champion, was a cavalry officer after the Murat style. With a form of the most approved proportions, and a swordsman, with few superiors, he sat a horse like an Arab, and was the impersonation of a model partisan. He fell at the head of his company, after killing his man with his sabre, August 30, 1862. His company finally fell into the hands of Capt. Josias Tippett, and Lieut. W. G. Blakey—who bore honorable names throughout the war.

Captain S. G. Kitchen was a brave officer, but resigned early in 1862 to go to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where he earned reputation as the commander of a cavalry brigade.

Captain R. F. Lanning was a man of rare ability and fine education—a Northern man with Southern principles—the spotless sincerity of which he handsomely illustrated to the satisfaction of the army, by his valor on the field, and his attention to business in camp. Lieutenants Z. D. Jennings, J. J. Eubank, C. M. Satherlin, and E. Y. Shields, each deserve special mention.

Jennings was famous throughout the brigade, as a scout, or with a detachment, where great hazards were to be met. He was especially adapted to the branch of service to which he belonged. He never returned to camp without much information, with horses, equipments and prisoners.

Eubank was a man of like material. With 40 men, he attacked a wagon train, at Memphis, guarded by 150 infantry and 75 cavalry. So spirited and dashing was the assault, that he routed them, capturing the train, bringing away 60 mules, with a loss of 2 men. This was one of many such exploits.

Satherlin was a brave Christian soldier, and could be relied on for any duty whatever.

Shields (formerly editor of the St. Joseph, Mo., *West,*) was mentally greatly above mediocrity.—His courage was known and acknowledged everywhere—his whole soul was filled with the cause of his country. He was once wounded in the leg, and fell gallantly on the bloody field of Harrisburg, deeply lamented by Chalmers whole division.

Whenever the fire was the hottest, and the ground most fiercely contested, there Lieut. Thomas Turner was to be found—and as loved, as courageous. At Middleburg he received three wounds, two with a sabre, one from a ball, and his horse had five bullet holes through him. At Harrisburg, he was so severely wounded as to force his retirement from the service.

Captain P. M. Lavery was almost always on detached, or inspecting duty, his lieutenant, J. J. Peake, was never absent from his post, and for soldiery qualities won the good opinion of all.

Lieutenant George Oglesby was a glorious and gallant fellow. He knew no such word as fail—and his brief career successfully illustrated his motto. He fell at Corinth, leading his company in that deadly breach—a six-pound shell tearing away his right arm and shoulder.

Lucius J. Gaines was as noble a man as went from Missouri to battle and die for cherished convictions. Deeply religious—he wore that humble, conscientious piety everywhere—fought in the Missouri State Guard, as a captain, and was badly wounded at Carthage. As a private he entered the Confederate army, and remained there, until the President, for meritorious conduct, made him a lieutenant, and assigned him to duty with Colonel McCulloch, as A. A. General of his brigade. He was shot through the head at Moscow, Tennessee—he fell as a loved brother to this regimental household.

The two Chandlers, John and James, were good soldiers and brave men. They both entered the army at the tap of the drum in 1861, and upheld the honor of their professions manfully to the last hour. With them may be classed Lieut. Charles Quarles, adjutant of the regiment.

This commaud was specially favored in its quarter-master and surgeon—Capt. N. L. Adams and Dr. F. R. Dunett. They were faithful, temperate and honest.

This regiment had a Roll of Honor, not in written memoranda or record, but in the hearts and knowledge of both officers and men. The names of these privates were Samuel Fines, R. T. Shanklin, John Shanklin, J. T. Ellis, Richard Eubank, (killed,) Robert Brazles, M. Hawkins, E. J. Keith, B. Snider, Gill Wilson, Sam. Gale, Charles Summers, B. Nawlin, S. Massie, P. McMahan, P. Craggin, Austin Jones, P. Lannar, Charles Mitchell, A. B. Smallwood, Henry T. Gilliam, men who can never be forgotten by the admirers of true game and devotion to country. We mention these as the most meritorious we remember—it is impossible to give the names of all such in a gallant and noted command like the 2nd Missouri cavalry, where it was a strange exception to find weak material. *But there is a roll we will give.* By the regimental records, we find these names, Capt. David Reed, Co. C., Capt. J. R. Henson, Co. F., Lt. J. D. Lychlyter, Co. D., Lt. J. T. Hails, Co. E., Lt. W. R. Henson, Co. F., Lt. G. L. Long, Co. H., are marked "*Deserted.*" The entry will tell its own story. We

have been neglectful in its proper place above to mention Capt Thos. A. Bottom, one of the bravest of the whole command—a man who all looked to for an emergency, calling for discretion and dash, and beset by unusal difficulties.

Lieut. George C. Brand entered the army as a private in Co. G., in August, 1861. At the beginning of the war he was at college in Virginia, but the martial patriotism of that glorious soil, so infectious to the true son of the South, controlled him. But 17 years of age, he left college, went home, and immediately to Price's army. Capt. Harper tells the writer he made an excellent soldier, was as gallant as any in the service—especially so at Van Dorn's capture of Holly Springs. In May, 1863, he was captured with a letter on his person announcing his appointment by the President to a lieutenancy in the regular army. He ran the gauntlet of all the prisons—Alton, Johnson's Island, Point Lookout, Morris' Island, Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head. At Morris' Island, with 4 to 600 other officers, he was placed under the fire of the Confederate batteries for weeks. At Hilton Head, he was one of those unfortunate ones retaliated upon by the Federal government. The rations issued them were small and damaged—a few ounces of condemned meal, or worm-eaten crackers, with pickles were given them each day. The only animal food they had, was the worms from the biscuit—but these they say gave an oily and vinous flavor to their homely fare, in their then starved condition.—For forty days this lasted. Very many died—and only 18 of the whole number, were able to walk, on their release. He himself was paralyzed from the hips downward, and from the severe effects of this he has scarcely recovered yet—being released only after all the surrenders were entered into.—Money sent him by his mother, in a bank draft, by some of the officials was appropriated—his name being forged—the bank, after the war closed, acknowledging the forgery, and returning the money. Oath after oath was offered Lieut. Brand as the only cost of freedom—but such freedom was not one of the desires of a true Confederate soldier.

Of Colonel Robert McCulloch, to those who knew him—it were needless to speak. He raised and organized his regiment—was its father, and never was absent from it a day, with a single exception, during the war, unless wounded. He obtained a leave of absence of sixty days, but transacting his business in thirty days, preferred returning to the field of duty, to spending the time in idle frolicking. How unlike even some of the best officers of the service.—The writer has known him long and well, before the war, as a plain, blunt farmer, of the straitest sect, of hard common sense.—He was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, in 1820. He entered the army under the first call of Gov. Jackson of Missouri, was elected captain of the company, and on the organization of the regiment was made Lieut. Colonel. On the death of Colonel Brown late in the summer of 1861, he be-

came its Colonel, and commanded all the cavalry in the 3rd division of the Missouri State Guard. In October, 1862, he was placed in command of a brigade, of which his own regiment formed a part, by Brigadier General W. H. Jackson then commanding the cavalry in the department of Mississippi, and in command of a brigade he remained until March, 1865. He rendered during all this time as important service as any man in the department, excepting only and always the matchless Forrest. At this time it became necessary to form a brigade for a newly appointed yet worthy Brigadier General—but one who had not performed one-twentieth part of his service. His command was merged into others, and he left alone with the 2nd Missouri, as its Colonel, which he had not commanded in person since Oct., 1862. General Forrest, having used his utmost influence unavailingly, to secure a promotion, he declared was doubly earned, would not place him under any other officer but himself, and sent him with his regiment to North Mississippi and West Tennessee on the lines as chief of scouts, where he remained until notified of the surrender. He was twice wounded, once at Okalona, the second time at Town Fork, in the last day's fight with A. J. Smith at Harrisburg—a most dangerous wound—which disqualified him for duty 60 days.

We have said he was plain, outspoken and honest. This does not cover the ground. He was essentially a true man—with all parties, under all circumstances, and everywhere. Deceit, subterfuge, in no sense, was ever used by him, in anything. He cherished truth as the guiding star of virtuous life.

"What he says you may believe, and pawn your soul upon it." With a rough exterior, an unprepossessing person, hard, even forbidding features, the roughness of the bear, as Goldsmith said of Dr. Johnson, was all in the skin—the interior man, came from Nature's rarest mould, unadorned by art, it was truth, honor, gentleness, courage, force. The conscientiousness and duty of Stonewall Jackson were nursed by a heart as tender as woman's.—Without the graces of high culture, and movement in the most polished circles, he had that perception of propriety, which stamped him as Nature's unadorned gentleman. It were invidious to make comparisons—but in this sense, take him, all in all, he was the noblest specimen of the true man and the true gentleman, it has ever been our good fortune to meet—just such a man as grows natively from the soil of old Virginia. It has been said, that the selfishness of the army and the card table will develop more rapidly and surely his special qualities, and prove the man, than any other passages in the way of life. The Col. might be tried by all and every standard, and would never be found wanting, and never could be, it would be foreign to his constitution. As a quartermaster, or commissary, his accounts would have tallied with Government, a perfect correspondence with debit and credit.

Or else he would have been behind in actual supplies, by virtue of donations to the poor and illy rationed. Such was the man.

As a soldier, he united skill in command, with great nerve and a genuine military caution—never slumbering, bordering on excess of vigilance, and with a practical judgment seldom denounced by results. His mind was clear and vigorous—his reasoning was sound, and with good perception of the motives and action of men—his deductions were searching and intelligent. He was a practical thinker. Yet he was slower than most men of his powers to reach conclusions—but when reached, as stubborn as the hills. He was defective in system—and for this he has been denounced unjustly for a want of, or neglect of, discipline.

It may then be asked, where was this man's imperfection?—We answer in his comparatively limited field, being rarely with full discretion, but acting under orders, except as named, he had none. It is true he did not have that dash, so peculiar to Forrest, Stuart and Ashby, and which was the wonder of armies, but he approached it so nearly, that the military critic barely discovers the intermediate space between him and them.

He has been charged with looseness and want of discipline. We reply from a knowledge of all the Western cavalry, his was equal to that of any other brigade. The discipline of the Western cavalry, doubtless, never bore a favorable comparison with Stuart's or Hampton's—and the cavalry discipline of the whole army, fell far short of the average discipline of the infantry. The different arms of the service themselves, give the reason for this—the one has opportunity for striking large and frequent, the other comparatively none. Forrest stood in the Western cavalry like some giant oak, beneath whose shade no herbage grew—but near at hand were trees of lesser, but most respectable proportions. Among these McCulloch was one of the largest, if not the very largest.

It was the desire of Missouri, yea, and of that Mississippi, for which he had fought so long and so well, that he should wear the wreath due to such prodigal merit. No officer in the Confederate army, had stronger and more persistent recommendations for his promotion. Price and Van Dorn, Polk and Lee, Maury and Chalmers, endorsed pointedly by Forrest, and all urged by the united Missouri and Mississippi delegations in Congress asked it for him; not once, not twice—but many, many times. His brigade composed of six regiments, with one dissenting voice amongst its officers, repeated the same recommendation several times. Yet President Davis never favored the request—and so it passed on.—He saw junior and less meritorious officers preferred to him, yet all without a murmur. Honest Iago with all his refined villainy, was possessed of great worldly wisdom, and uttered many truths of the human heart, we see exemplified in every-day life. The qualified application, which the intelligent

reader will make of the following, we cannot—must not omit:

You shall mark
Many a duteous, knee-crooking knave,
Who doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and when he is old, cashiered:
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are,
Who trimmed in forms and visages of duty
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And throwing but shows of service on their Lords
Do well thrive by them; and when they have lined their coats,
Do themselves homage;—

Honor to whom honor is due. Although this gallant veteran received no more than a colonel's commission, he may remember with honest pride, that his own Missourians recognize his worth—while Alabama and Tennessee chime in. Old Mississippi holds his name high as the highest for pure nobility of character, and her struggling and raid-ridden sons and daughters, as long as Time shall last, will pay homage to the name and fame of "*old Bob McCulloch.*"

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EGOMET IPSE.

Drop the curtain, clear the stage,
Let the footlights fade away;—
I have turned another page
Of life's dismal farce to-day.

Played my part and played it well,—
Laughed and sported, smiled and sung,
Little could the audience tell
How my spirit's depths were wrung.

Little did they deem the smile
Beaming with such natural art,
Wrapped its radiance all the while
Round a bruised and bleeding heart.

As the phosphorescent glare
Gilding grave-yards with its glow,
Draws its form and coloring rare
From the ghastly things below.

Like a queen, in purple pride
Reigned I on my mimic throne;
Now I cast my robes aside,
And the woman stands alone.

Here I quit my weary task—
Close the shutter—bar the door—
Dash aside the painted mask—
Toss the tinsel to the floor.

Ceased the need for acting now—
No one by to note nor care—
I may bare my burning brow,
All alone in my despair.

All alone?—nay I forget
And unconscious falsehood trace,
For the awful Egomet
Stands beside me face to face!

Ever present, fearful thing,
Thou art monarch!—I obey;
Queen I am, but thou art king,
I submit me to thy sway.

Bend thy fleshless eyes on mine;
Fancy not that I will cower!—
Something makes me half divine
With its superhuman power!

I will stretch my spirit's chain,
Freed from every muffling wrap,
Though the tension creak and strain
Till the fragile life chords snap.

I will soar beyond control
Through the paths by angels trod,
I will bare my woman's soul
Naked as before its God.

As before its God? Ah! no—
Let its secrets sleep in trust,
Till the body lying low,
Crumbles with its kindred dust.

Oh! these thoughts, that seethe and surge!—
Oh! this frantic, fierce desire!
I would pierce heaven's utmost verge
And abstract supernal fire!

Every human soul they cry,
Bears God's image clear and plain—

Can a creature such as I,
Kindred with Jehovah claim?

I whose dim, uncertain sense
Scarce knows moral day from night,
Partner of Omnipotence!
Portion of Eternal Light!

Maker! make my knowledge more,
Or my cravings somewhat less;—
Give me from Thy boundless store
Nothingness or rich excess!

Clear these burning doubts for me—
Shrive me that those doubts arise—
Father! if a part of Thee,
Raise me to my native skies!

Dawn upon my darkened state—
Bid the mists of error fade—
Let my soul assimilate
To the Source whence it was made!

Deem my questions not too bold—
Answer to these questions give,
I would like Thy Saint of old,
See Thee face to face, yet live!

What is Right and what is Wrong?
What is Virtue?—what is Sin?
We like flies that crawl along
On a sleeping infant's skin,

With our feeble fancies touch
But the outward forms of things
Nor with wandering thought so much
As approach their hidden springs.

I would sound their fathoms deep,—
I would to their centres go;
Though with knowledge sorrows creep,
Though with wisdom wrestles woe!

Is the earth indeed so round
Men must in one circle pace?
Shall the spirit never bound
Upwards to its destined place?

Must the soul be swathed and cramped
In a narrow mould of clay,
Till its heaven-born instincts damped,
Melt in nothingness away?

Must men, monkey-like, be led
By each other, this their creed:
"Let the strongest be the head!—
Let the largest take the lead?"

If a mortal pining moan
For soul-satisfying bread,
And receive a flinty stone
From the cheating world, instead,

Wilt THOU hold him all accurst,
If he fling it down in wrath,
And with frantic footsteps burst
Into wisdom's secret path?

Does a sin in knowledge lurk?
Must one never dare to look
Lest men impious hold his work,
In creation's sealed book?

Reverently I lift its seals—
Shrinkingly my shoes remove—
Lo! the glowing page reveals
But Thine image and Thy love!

By the light that love evolves,
All earth's glimmering haze grows bright;
Error into truth resolves—
Faith is changed to perfect sight!

FANNY DOWNING.

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## TWELVE MONTHS IN SPAIN*

WE are on the Guadalquiver. At the distance of many miles the Cathedral still looms hugely and darkly against the clear sky.—That huge, dark bulk is fading from our sight. At last, it is gone, and fair, proud Seville is lost to our view forever. And now what of the Guadalquiver? A great historic river certainly, whose waters have borne the weight of mightiest armaments, and sufficiently sung by poets, "as

* Continued from June No. page 135.

crowned with flowers and olives, and girdled with beauteous nymphs, wafting its liquid crystal to the West in a placid amorous current." Very prettily sung, indeed, but very untruthfully.—About the size of our Yadkin, the Guadalquiver is yet far behind our Yadkin in natural beauty of scenery. Whatever it may have been in Roman and Moorish times, when the hand of taste and industry made every acre of the Peninsula bloom as the rose; it now sluggishly winds its weary way through a dead-level, cheerless region, almost untenanted, and wholly given over to dreary marshes, whence arise the rank vapors of disease and pestilence.

We debouch from the river, with its dismal swamps, into the open sea. Turning eastward, and aided by the serene, transparent air, our eyes soon sweep around a shore-line of thirty miles, enclosing a magnificent bay. A dim swan-like speck trembles in the distance over the green-tinted waters. That speck enlarges, and separates, and takes distinct outline. It is Cadiz! How graciously she grows and grows upon us, sending up tower and terrace and dome in cluster after cluster, till, forgetting that it is we who are motion, we fancy we see some great procession advancing and widening towards us. As she rises gloriously from the midst of the sea and fronts the falling sun, her ivory palaces bathed in the subdued light of parting day, surely there never was a more delightful vision—surely there never was a more enchanting approach to an earthly city! In exactly five and a half hours from Seville, we cast anchor: and, after the usual annoyances at the custom-house, we find good quarters at a hotel, which commands a full view of the bay, and where the full music of the waves is ceaseless.

### CADIZ.

Situated on a ham-shaped peninsula which is connected with the main-land by an isthmus only a few feet wide, Cadiz is as beautiful within as it looks from without. The streets are deeply shaded, well-paved and scrupulously clean. The houses, many of them palacious in size and structure, are as white as snow. The seeming absence of any background in history is striking and reminds one of our new-born cities in America. The aspect of youth and freshness makes it hard to realize that you are in the oldest city of Europe—older by nearly four hundred years than Rome—older by an hundred years than Solomon and all his glory. It is allowed, I believe, that Cadiz, the chief city of Southern Spain, where the Tyrian Phœnicians established their dominion, was the far-famed Tarshish, to which the ships of Solomon traded. The deliverance of this Phœnician colony from the bondage of the mother city of Tyre, whose down-fall is distinctly foretold, kindled the prophetic ken of Isaiah and Ezekiel.

Cadiz was also to the ancients the end of the world—the utmost limit of known land towards the setting sun:

"Omnibus in Terris, quae sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem."—

But there is no evidence, that meets the eye, of this amazing antiquity. There is no decay, no ruins, nothing to project the mind backward over the centuries.—Even the Cathedrals—for Cadiz has two of them—are neither venerable nor imposing. The buildings are generally flat on the roofs, which are laid out in garden-like style and embellished with flowers and shrubbery; where, too, the family usually takes its evening meal, instead of in the court, as elsewhere in Spain. Many of the residences have also on the top a *miradore* or watch-tower, built, it is said, by the merchants of Cadiz as a look-out for their home-returning argosies. For you must know, that the discovery of America replenished this fair city with all precious and pleasant riches from the New World, even as of old when the rapt ear of Ezekiel heard her ships singing in the markets of Tyre. But all this fret and fever of trade is over. The *miradore*, useful now only to smoke in or enjoy the evening breeze, looks out upon a sea unvexed save by its own wild waves' play. Commerce languishes. The export of Sherry wine, which was formerly an immense business, is rapidly passing to the rival town of Port St. Mary. The principal employment of the inhabitants seemed to be angling—an occupation suited to the indolent, patient habits of the Andalusian. The bay affords the most delicate varieties of fish, which are caught wholly with the hook. These untiring fishermen in their little boats, at their lazy toil all the day long, give quite a lively aspect to the bay—almost the only scene of activity which the city presents. Of the fine arts, or of any other sort of arts (except the art of walking) Cadiz offers scarcely anything at all noteworthy. I visited a large manufactory of mantillas, where they showed me all qualities of that article of Spanish dress, ranging in price from $2 to $400. These figures sound expensively to our ears, and they are so doubtless; still the most expensive mantilla is cheaper in the long run than our inconstant fashions for a head-gear. It is the universal, national, unchanging costume; and falling like a cascade, from a head of luxuriant hair and gathering in graceful folds about a form of faultless mould, it puts the most exquisite touch to womanly beauty and proportion. One could almost devoutly wish that our Southern women (if they must imitate) would adopt some imitation of it.

I have mentioned walking. I should do Cadiz wrong were I to let this item pass, by way of parenthesis. With us, a fine carriage in a man or woman, either, is really a very rare thing. Of gaits we have no end. We have a wriggling gait—a waddling gait—a grenadier gait. We have a gait too much on the toe—a gait too much on the heel—a gait (as Horace has it) *alterno pede terram quatere*—we have a gait that knocks up the dress and kicks up a dust—we have a stalk, a stride and a strut. Now the Spanish walk is famous, and, among Spaniards, the ladies of Cadiz hold undisputed preëminence in this art—with

them become so natural as to be no art at all. It is a swimming, floating passage over the ground, which they hardly seem to touch —at once gentle and elastic—without jerk or drag or tramp—regular, composed, majestic, the dignity of Juno, queen of gods, with the grace of Venus, queen of love. I cannot hope to be credited in this matter, as I was myself faithless till I saw and believed. I can, however, appeal to a concurring testimony that comes from all directions, and from an era as far back as letters carry us. We meet with occasional instances of a superb carriage among the better-born and better-bred women of all nations, especially among ourselves here at the South. The marvel is that at Cadiz it characterizes all classes and ranks. How to account for it, is submitted as a puzzle to those who have a turn for such speculations. I am myself not able to do better by the question than to quote the authority of the aristocratic old lady in David Copperfield, who always accounted for every personal excellence on the score of *blood*.—"There's blood in that nose," says the old lady; and we say there's blood in the Cadiz walk, which the Romans marked and celebrated in tale and song long ago; unhappily associated in their minds, as in ours, with something else in Cadiz blood:

"Forsitan expectes, ut Gaditana canoro
Incipiat prurire choro."

To conclude of Cadiz: it is a place, where, amid overhanging gardens and orange-embowered alcemadas, fair women walk in beauty and feeble men may dream away life in a soft orientalism—but no earnest traveler need stay there a week.

XEREZ.

"A boat, a boat to cross the ferry,
For we'll go over and be merry,
And laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry."

Crossing the Bay of Cadiz in a steamer to Port St. Mary, a ride of two hours brings us to Xerez, where I spent a day or two—a venerably picturesque city, amid its vine-clad hills, with Moorish towers and Moorish walls still standing—chiefly famous, however, as the seat of the manufacture of sherry* wine; on which account it well merits a visit. The district, some ten or twelve miles square, of which Xerez is the centre, is alone in Spain and, I believe, in the world, for the growth of the peculiar grape that makes this wine. Go but a mile or so beyond these narrow limits, and at once the grape deteriorates. It requires a certain chalky loam, which does not crack under the action of the sun. The vineyards are usually on the gentle slopes, avoiding the rich, heavy soil of the valleys. The older the vine the better the grape, though the less the yield. This small district which enjoys now, as it has done from the remotest times, a natural and lucrative monopoly, produces annually well-nigh four

* Our word *Sherry* comes, according to philologists, from X-e-r-e-z, on this wise: They say we cannot easily manage the Spanish gutteral *X*: So we change it into *ch*, making *Cherez*—hence *Sherris—Sherry*. This transition is not quite so learned or natural as that by which the ubiquitous family name of *Smith* is eruditely derived from *Smintheus*, one of the surnames of Apollo, thus: *Smintheus—Sminthus—Sminthe—Smith—Smith!*

millions gallons of wine (to be exact, 3,896,000 the year I was there) of which one million is of the best quality—worth at the cellar a dollar a bottle. The lower grades range from 50 cts to 75 cts a bottle. To this prime cost add insurance, freight, tariff, commission and profit, and you can judge whether the stuff sold in our shops for sherry at $2,00 a bottle comes from Xeres.

The *Bodegas* or wine-stores are wonders—enormous structures built of stone above ground, deliciously shady and cool, the glare and heat of that warm climate being carefully excluded. They contain from 4 to 5,000 casks, ranged in regular order according to age, from the vintage of last year, pale, watery, acid, to the light-brown, dry, oily wine of half a century. There is everything here of course to suit the vinous taste. And, as you will be shown round with that courteous attention which distinguishes the wine-merchants of Xerez, you must have a care! The warning is needful. You will be expected to pay some honor to every age—all and singular; and if you mean to get through without Falstaff's quart of sack and without Falstaff's excellent wit, you must begin with a sip, or begin not at all. Remember, moreover, that they proceed here on the housewifely principle of comparison—of going from good to best; and you should not vitiate your taste or reason before eighty, for you will have to bow before even that age—the very nectar of the gods. You may be curious to understand somewhat of the manufacture of this sweet poison. The process is long, tedious, complex and scientific. Vinous fermentation is familiar learning (as the lawyers say.) But vinous fermentation will not make sherry wine. The *Capataz* or head-man, who goes round with us through the *bodega*, will tell us, that it is a life-time and almost daily business for him to pass from cask to cask, subtracting from this, adding to that, here a little and there a little, till he brings each, by this exact commixture, to the just standard. It is easy to see that this method, besides a special talent, requires many years to bring the wine to maturity—many more years than it takes with us to make a preacher or a politician. The basis is the juice of the Xerez grape—none other will do, but the correcting and improving of one variety by another is indispensable. Especially must the older wines, say from forty years and upwards, which are never on sale, be employed to impart body and flavor to the younger. The thing, said a Frenchman who was of our company, (and Frenchmen will philosophize, well or ill), reminded him of education, where you dash the crudeness of youth with the rich soberness of age. And when it is all done, what is it? A drink which Spaniards never drink—which, indeed, they know less of than our own best tables; just as (if we too may philosophize) the maturest wisdom often makes glad more hearts in distant times or in foreign countries than it does at home, or among its own contemporaries.—These hurried facts I deem

enough of Xerez and Sherry Wine, though the city has much of interest besides. On our way back to Port St. Mary, we saw the laborers in the vineyards, and we observed, that occasionally they all stopped work and smoked a cigarrette. They informed us that this respite, once an hour, to take a smoke, was a universal law of labor in the district; wherein both sides found an advantage.—I commend this regulation to our labor reformers, as a desirable substitute for the eight-hour system.

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## THE GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES—BEFORE THE EXPOSITION.

PERHAPS the name of no spot is more familiar to the world, (for who has not read French history) than that just written. Though comparatively few on our American continent have seen it, yet the subject may be sufficiently interesting to many to induce them to listen to a slight résumé of its history, and by using the eyes of another, to regard what they may never look on with their own.—The garden is probably a third of a mile long, and a sixth of a mile across; the larger portion is filled with trees of giant stature, beneath whose shade the Parisien world saunters; the children amuse themselves under the surveillance of their parents or nurses, and the Blouses pass their Sunday holiday in a game of ball. Broad walks traverse its extent, and fountains, statues, and shrubbery occupy the vacant spaces. At one end is the Place de la Concorde, the most beautiful of all its charming kind, and leading from it the Champs Elysées; at the other is the Palace itself; to the right, looking towards the Tuileries, is the Seine, and beyond, old Paris; along the left, runs the pretty and busy Rue de Rivoli, stretching as far as the eye can reach, and losing itself in the distance.

Having thus placed our object, let us seek its origin and trace its progress to the present hour.

The grove and walks of the Tuileries were originally, that is to say in 1566, only cultivated lands. 1730 saw it a spot dedicated to pleasure, blooming with flowers, abounding in shady alleys, and containing a menagerie, a theatre, a labyrinth and even a dwelling, that of Mlle. de Guise. About this period, Louis XIII gave a portion of the garden to one Renard on condition that he should fill it with exotics and rare plants; but he also erected a café which was much resorted to by the nobility. By order of Louis XIII also, several little houses were built for the accommodation of his favorites, and those who have entered them speak of them as enchanted spots. During the space of a hundred years, however, the garden has undergone material changes, and café and houses have all alike disappeared. Up

to the epoch at which the court took up its residence at Versailles, the garden had only been open to the King and his privileged attendants, but when once the gates swung back to the public, it was daily filled with crowds. To quote from the words of a writer of the reign of Louis XIV will perhaps give a better idea of the place than might otherwise be be formed: "In this delightful spot," says our author, "we chat, we joke, we talk business, news, war, love; we discuss, we criticise, each one diverts himself at his neighbor's expense, and in this species of employment everybody is amused."

At every revolution, emeute, or change that has moved the fickle Parisiens, during each transition of France, from Empire to Kingdom, from Kingdom to Republic, and from Republic back again to Empire, the garden of the Tuileries has always been the scene of bloody and historic deeds, and many a time have its alleys been sprinkled with blood, and sanded with powder. About the year 1692, or a little later, when the famine spread over the city, a humiliation was in store for the noble garden. Instead of the carpets of verdure, which covered its terraces, vulgar beds of potatoes were substituted; this, however, did not last very long, and in place of the plebeian potatoe vines, there were planted afterward lines of beautiful orange trees. In 1815, this same spot became the rendezvous of those who remained faithful to the memory of the Emperor, whose badge was a bouquet of violets placed very prominently at the button hole.

More than one little anecdote is told of the place, and as a sample we give the following:

The poet Piron, having become old, was wont to pass much of his time in the garden of the Tuileries. Here he had often noticed a poor blind man begging alms of the passers by, but receiving little attention. For the supplicatory verse written on the plate hanging from his neck, being of his own composition, was not such as to attract regard, except to excite a smile at its faulty grammar, and pretension to poesy. It being suggested by his friends, the man asked Piron to write something for him, to which the great poet replied, "De bon coeur! cher confrére; Je vais essayer," and after two or three turns in his walk seated himself, and upon his knee penciled the following fruit of his inspiration—

Chrétiens, au nom du Tout Puissant,
Faites moi l'aumone en passant;
Le malheureux qui la demande
Ne verra point qui la fera!
Mais Dieu, qui voit tout, le verra;
Je le prierai qu'il vous la rende.

On the 10th of October, 1794, the body of Jean Jacques Rousseau, disinterred from Ermenonville, was temporarily placed in one of the basins of the garden, and the next day transferred to the Pantheon. The scene is well depicted by a French lady, whose work lies before me and I translate her words.

"It was one of those soft evenings of Autumn, that carries the soul back to the past, and gathers up the fragments of memory with which the recollections of other days are filled, when the funeral car, followed by an immense con-

course of young men, entered the limits, with a solemn slowness.— The air was balmy; a wooing breeze, perfumed with the odors of flowers, gently fanned the last leaves on the trees, the mournful remnants of the dead summer.— Suddenly, the sound of a simple and melodious music was breathed forth from the bosom of the wood, adding poetical souvenirs to this ceremony already so touching; for each one of the airs executed was a reproduction of the compositions of the illustrious deceased. When the coffin, covered with blue velvet, spangled with stars of gold was placed on the stage where a thousand torches glittered, the notes of that plaintive romance, Dans ma cabane obscure, arose on the breeze and tears dropped from every eye."

The Restoration did nothing towards beautifying the grounds, more than to add a few statues to what were already there. Louis Philippe had a private garden, railed off, next to the palace, and separated it from the rest by a dry moat, whose sides were covered with green turf. To this separate portion, His Majesty, Napoleon III has added very considerably.

In concluding this narrative and description, I have only to add that statues from the hands of the finest masters occupy the garden at very frequent intervals; and two very large circular basins of water, from which fountains throw up their transparent drops into the air, one of them to the height of sixty or seventy feet, go to make up the pleasing tout ensemble.

Having viewed it now, as it were like spectators, let us enter and take our parts as actors (if not ornaments) in this wide and favorite resort. The time is evening, and the sun is fast sinking into the western horizon.— We will go in from the Rue de Rivoli, through one of the gates of the private garden next to the palace. We have passed the sentinel at the gate, one of the grenadiers de la Garde Impériale, and are fairly standing in these kingly gardens. How beautiful the grass is here! Soft it looks, and downy as velvet. Never have I seen grass so fine, so smooth, and so pretty as in this royal spot. And does Nature, too, bow to Sovereignty? is her regal head lowered at the command of princes, and does the proud mistress of laws man can only declare, but not explain or equal, she by whose rules worlds, suns, and systems revolve in their immeasurable orbits, directs the fiery comet in his swift, erratic course over spaces of which figures can take no account, which geometry is powerless to measure, and at whose dark depths the penetrating eye of the telescope is blind, she at whose command a universe moves, does this proud old dame don her most attractive robes in the presence of royalty, and does she too, like a skillful courtier, use her most enticing arts, and bend the pliant knee in abject servitude that she may win the smiles of power, and catch its approving glance? Truly it would seem so, for go to the country, and there

among the peasants, the plebeians, her every-day dress is good enough; her most stony, jaded features are exposed every-where, and it is only by toiling, assiduous attention that she can be induced to give back some of her bounty, and deign to relax her hard visage in good-natured wrinkles.

It is indeed beautiful here.—The trees are greener, the flowers sweeter, and possess more color than elsewhere. Taking a little curved walk, we are led around among the trees, by a stone bench at the side of a fountain that casts its waters up with a pleasant clatter. Looking towards the West, we see the setting sun, red and round, and against it are painted the little twigs and leaves of an evergreen just in front of us, which is still fresh and pleasing. The statue of some ancient deity half seen through the closing branches, completes the leafy horizon.

Coming out of this tree-embowered spot, we pass on through the gates of the private garden, into that of the people. A long vista is before us. First the whole extent of the garden itself, with its grove of great trees, spotted here and there with bright colored leaves, or with gaunt, black arms stretching out, then the Egyptian obelisk on the Place de la Concorde, covered with old hieroglyphics commemorative of the great deeds of the warrior king, Sesostris. Little did the great Sesostris dream of this when he returned to Egypt, the conqueror of all Asia as far as the Ganges, the master of all the neighboring nations, having carried his arms on the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, and now come back to illustrate his reign by the works of peace, and by the labor of his captives in building the Colosses, rebuilding the Rammeséum at Thebes, and erecting the obelisks of Luxor. Little did he imagine that the finest of the obelisks, bearing his name and deeds inscribed in unbroken characters, would embellish such a city as Paris so many hundred years after he was dead, and passed away from the minds of all but the historian. Beyond still stretches the long length of the Champs Elysées, surmounted by the magnificent Arc of Triumph at its head.

Truly Paris is the centre of the world, and the garden of the Tuileries may well be called the centre of Paris. Here in these walks, are gathered the four quarters of the globe, and here are seen the representatives of each distinct people in their peculiar dress, and with their different manners. The tall Englishman, with his side whiskers and umbrella, figures largely. 'Tis said, and I believe truly, that an Englishman never travels without his umbrella and his wife. The American adapting himself to new scenes and foreign surroundings with the utmost nonchalance, is not wanting. The dark-skinned Egyptian, the smooth-faced, and long black haired Chinaman in his loose flowing clothes; the Russian, the broad-faced German, the Persian wearing his high-pointed cap of fur, and ample robe; the Algerine Turco in his picturesque, and gaily trimmed uniform,—all are

there, and all combine to make a picture that is not seen, perhaps, in any other spot on the earth.

As I stand here in these Imperial gardens, I seem to see the world in its past and present gathered around; the advanced arts and sciences and wealth of to-day, reducing life almost to a luxurious indolence, and those hardy, stoic forms of other times and classic ages, their marble bodies a good portrayal of the flinty heart within, as they hold themselves sternly on their pedestals, and seem frowning at the degeneracy of their unworthy progeny. Those beautiful rose-tinted handfuls of cloud that the red sun, just set, has colored with his expiring rays, are like the paradise of holiness and innocence, replete with forms of beauty ignorant of pain, knowing only the pleasure, the world first saw, that man's new born eyes first awakened to. Then as I look further down towards the opposite horizon, the light leaves them more and more, the lines of pink and gold are wanting, and where heaven ceases, and earth commences, all is dark and shadowy, indistinct and gloomy, from the night mists that have already begun to rise, covering everything with their pall, and inducing a shiver of cold discomfort, just as man's prospects darkened and grew black when Sin drove him first from his Eden, then gathered thicker and heavier over his thoughts and habits, and filled his atmosphere with demons instead of angels.

Then those shapes of stone, I see all around, seem starting into life, and breathing as when the world echoed with their deeds.—Here stands the Imperial Cæsar, whose brow is as kingly as though the earth were again bowing to his decree, and the nations trembling before the advance of his invincible legions. The great Cæsar! unconscious that the dagger of him he considered his best friend, his bosom companion, should yet slay him. And now as I look his countenance seems changed into an expression of pain and anguish, and as his erect form seems tottering, and his mantle being gathered up around him, I almost can catch the single phrase of reproach and sorrow—"*Tu quoque, fili mi!*"

A little distance off stands the dying Philemone drawing out the broken spear that has pierced his thigh, but allowing no emotion to appear on his stoical features.—Alexander on one knee holds up his bucklered arm, to receive some enemy's blow, while the short sword in the other hand seems already on its way to avenge the stroke. Unfortunate foe, knowest thou not that he you aim at is invulnerable against any blade?—Knowest thou not you fight with the world's future master, who after conquering all will yet be overcome by the red cup of wine in his own hand, mourning that there were not other worlds to vanquish? The man who prevailed over cities and peoples, yet could not restrain his own passions!

Again, on this side stands Spartacus, the gladiator; his eye, how watchful and restless, as in the amphitheatre he saw the fierce, starved lion bounding on him, or

kept at bay his enemies chosen from Rome's hardiest captives. Look! his eye kindles and sparkles, and he seems living over again that night in the Coliseum whose morrow saw him and his companions a free and dreaded band on the mountain's side. He is speaking; can you not hear his words of fire?—"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast, and never yet lowered his arm. If there be three among you who dare to meet me let them stand forth. And yet I was not always thus." How soft and mournful his fierce voice has grown, and with what, at first, melancholy pathos he tells the tale of his childhood and love, a simple shepherd boy upon the Thracian hills; then to what fury he rouses as the story of his wrongs and sufferings is told, the burning of his home, the murder of his father and mother; and then how his eyes sparkle, and with what eloquence he calls his comrades to arms. "Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted food, and to-morrow he will glut his appetite upon you. If ye be beasts, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the slaughter. If ye be men, follow me, strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!" Is he still there? Yes the statue, but the spirit that warmed it is leading his companion gladiators from hated Rome into the free air of Heaven.

A little beyond is the unhappy Laocoön, and his two sons, writhing in agony beneath the entwining embraces, and being devoured by the two serpents sent to aid false auguries against the devoted Troy.

As all these forms seem warm with life, I turn and see the gray massive walls of the palace itself, appearing in the twilight that is gathering about me, like some old feudal castle of the Middle Ages; as though it were defended by some brutal, unprincipled knight like Front-de-Bœuf, held prisoners some Ivanhoe and Jewish Rebecca, and awaited the assault of a Cœur-de-Lion.

Another turn shows me the great Paris all around, with its spires and monuments, palaces and fountains, just beginning to twinkle with the lights of evening, that beam out from the darkness like the new-found hopes of future happiness amidst the shadows of death; and I realize that all these things are of the past, and that the great Present with its steam engine and telegraph, its perfection of fine arts and sciences, though it owes all these to the labors and conflicts of that same Past, yet looks back upon it with feelings of mingled curiosity, disdain and pity.

Now as I glance down the long sides of the Champs Elysées, over which dusky night is already spreading her mantle, it seems to me like the misty future, stretching out ahead vague and uncertain, and the great Arch at its head looming up indistinct in the distance, like the end we know is before us, the limit which we know must be reached, yet cannot tell how distant, nor when to expect it.

## PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

### CHAPTER VII.

### SOWING THE WIND.

"DIABLE!" The word was an undeniably objectionable one, yet considering the circumstances under which its speaker was placed, perhaps it is not impossible that Charity might have consented to let fall a fold of her mantle over it, and thus conceal it from the eyes of the Recording Angel.

The speaker was Loui La Fronde, and the naughty word, which broke irrepressibly from his lips, was occasioned by the complete consternation, which possessed him, when drawing aside the bed curtains of the state room on the steamer, with the certainty of seeing upon the lace-trimmed pillow, which they shaded, the sleeping face of his girlish bride, he found nothing but the snowy surface of that pillow spread blankly before him.

His first impulse was to tear off the covering of the tiny bed and then with impetuous eagerness, to remove the mattrass itself, with the insane idea that the truant might be hidden beneath. Preposterous as he knew such a hope to be, he was terrified when its futility was made manifest, and with the sickening feeling of an indefinable, yet horrible dread, he sprang to the narrow window and wrenching open its shutter, looked wildly out over the waste of waters which encompassed him. As far as his eye could reach, the billowy waves swept around him, surging in great undulating masses of greenish limpidity as they rushed forward, like seemingly sentient creatures, eternally in pursuit of their prey, continually baffled in its acquisition, yet forever returning to the unsuccessful endeavor.

And in the sparkling depths of each foam-crested wave which broke beneath him, Loui saw a pair of little white hands clasped as he had last beheld them, while two great black eyes gazed up into his with a look in which despair was mingled with a love of inexpressible intensity.

Mr. La Fronde was a strong man and one who, in general, was entirely unaffected by any event, which did not involve his individual and personal suffering, but for once he was completely roused out of the placidity of his epicurean isolation, and for a while all selfishness of feeling was merged in the horror, which overwhelmed him as he stood gazing with awe-struck eyes over the tumultuous expanse of heaving waters.

At last, he turned from the window with the half formed intention of announcing the absence of his wife and seeking her through the steamer, but weakened by the agitation of his feelings, his strength failed him, and grasping the curtains in order to steady himself, he sat down on the side of the bed until the sudden faintness should have passed.

As he held the delicate dimity in his hand, he became sensible that some foreign substance was

* Continued from page 238.

crushed in its folds, and examining them, he found a tiny note pinned to the curtain and directed to himself. Tearing it open, he read:

"You will never see me again. You do not love me, and I do not care to live. Forgive me for having, though unconsciously, forced you into a marriage which has made you miserable. I shall never trouble you any more.—Please be happy and forget

CAMILLE."

All doubt as to the fate of the unhappy girl was now merged into a certainty, and Loui sank heavily down on the pillow, oppressed with an agony of feeling for which language has no name.

How long he lay there he did not know, for while his body was shocked into a state of passive inaction, his mind was oblivious of all things except a series of phantasmagoric pictures, in which one slight figure wrestling with the hungry waves was ever predominant.

The day had darkened into night before he was able to rouse himself sufficiently to totter through the brilliantly lighted saloon of the steamer, and seeking the captain in his private apartment, disclose to him the disappearance of his wife, and the horrible certainty which her note had established. Announcing his intention of leaving the steamer so soon as she should reach Nassau, he enjoined a profound secrecy upon the captain, who very willingly promised compliance with the injunction as he would thereby shield his vessel from a notoriety, which might prove prejudicial to his interests. Having thus secured all the relief that action could procure, Loui returned to his solitary state room and locking himself within it, paced its narrow confines with the frantic strides of an imprisoned animal.

No wild tiger from the jungles of Hindostan could compare in rage and fierceness with the spirit which was now tearing him, as he gnashed his teeth in all the maddening consciousness of his utter impotency. Up to this hour, Loui La Fronde had been, as it were, his own Divinity, and the laws of nature and society, so far from placing barriers against the execution of his wishes, had seemed to go hand in hand to carry them into effect. With him wishes became achievements, desires were merged into possession, and to will was to accomplish. Now he was the subject of an influence which was to himself as the yawning ocean beneath him to a tiny straw engulfed in its mighty depths, and he writhed and struggled in its powerful grasp with a resistance which was the very defiance of despair.

To this passionate vindication of his rights succeeded a still sorer sorrow, less for the loss of the childlike creature who had loved him as he instinctively felt he would never be loved again, as from a feeling of wounded pride at having been compelled to resign her just as he had discovered that she might be made conducive to his happiness. As is usual in all cases when the unappreciated blessing, or neglected opportunity is forever lost, imagination im-

bued her with radiant hues, while fancy fondly adorned her with a thousand charms, and Loui, recalling the delicacy, refinement and pearl-like purity of his wife, once his possessions, and now lost forever, groaned in anguish as, hiding his face in his hands, the hot tears burst from his eyes at the thought of so much sweetness floating, an unresisting prey to the myriad forms of marine life, which teem in the bounding waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

The time dragged on, how, he neither knew nor cared, and he was alone in his sorrow. The captain, faithful to his promise, gave no hint of the truth and no one else knew it. In the bustle and confusion incident to the departure of so large a vessel, passengers may come or go unnoticed, so even the inquisitiveness of the bare-boned believer in the supremacy of the black race, failed to ferret out any but the meager information that the gentleman in question, had come on "La Pucelle" accompanied by a young lady, who was not with him now.

Compassionating his loneliness, for it is the nature of the hybrid species to which she belonged, to love ever to hunt in couples, and may be, influenced the least bit in the world, by his handsome young face, more attractive than ever in the marble-like pallor which had settled on its proud features, she made several unmistakable efforts to remove the one and ingratiate herself with the possessor of the other. She was met, however, with such determined opposition that even her effrontery was affected and she desisted, baffled, but still desiring.

Loui was in a fame of mind which brooked no interference.—The catastrophe whose full horror was upon him, had shocked his moral nature to such a degree, that all its youthful lightness and frivolity were forever dispelled. It had made him a man in the graver views of life and the deeper insight into his own heart, which it had given him, but here its beneficial effects stopped.

The rock had been struck asunder by its Maker's hand, but so soon as that hand was removed the separated portions had reunited, with their former tenacity ten fold increased, and it now stood in stolid solidity, forgetful that the same power which smote could crush into infinitesemal, atoms.

"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways."

Oh! magnificent words well worthy their divine speaker!—Man in such a case placed predominant to his fellow-man, would have exhausted himself in efforts to force the erring mortal to compliance. Olympian Jove would have overwhelmed the offender against his majesty with the thunderbolts of his vengeance.—GOD, the long-suffering and ever-merciful, looks down with a smile of ineffable compassion on the creature He has made, remembers the weakness of its humanity, and with a father's tenderness, subjects it to such influences as shall result in the assimilation of its spiritual portion to its original and almighty source!

The steamer had touched at Nassau, discharged such freight as was to be delivered there and then sped onward on her ocean way. Loui, who shrank with insurmountable aversion from a return to his former gay life in Paris, involving as it must necessarily do, disclosures, which he had no desire to make, had put into execution his plan of stopping at Nassau, and now stood on the wharf looking with an indescribable bitterness of feeling, at the rapidly disappearing vessel.

Plans of action for the future were darting through his mind with the rapidity and ceaseless motion of the sea birds, which the French with their happy faculty of etherealizing the material, call "lost souls," hundreds of which hovered over the wake of the departing ship. But like them, all within him was wild unrest, and the only settled thought which possessed him was a determination never to touch the fortune of his unhappy wife, now by the terms which it had been left to her, doubly his, but from which he shudderingly turned as from the price of blood. In order to execute this determination, exertion must necessarily be made, but as Loui had in his possession more than sufficient for all present wants, he with the carelessness of the nation from which he sprang, let the future take care of itself, and in the mean time vegetated through an inane existence under the tropic skies of the insignificant island which afforded him a temporary home. Its slight charm of novelty soon wore off, and the almost inconceivable dullness of the place conjoined with the oppressive attentions of the peripatetic pilgrim, whose offices of love to the blacks of Nassau were not greeted with that exuberant and remunerative response so ardently desired, and who in consequence was more than willing to transfer them to a representative of the Caucassian race, decided him in the determination to leave the Island and his tormentor by the first American bound vessel which might touch at the former.

To what part of America, that vessel might be destined, was a matter of utter indifference. The first violence of his grief had subsided into a sluggish calm, whose predominant feeling was a sort of oriental fatalism. He would not resist his fate, neither would he advance it, but rested quiescent, as a feather incumbent on the air, and almost as careless as to what particular spot the winds of destiny might waft him.

Destiny, as Mr. La Fronde termed the mysterious workings of that tremendous but unseen power, which holds the threads of all humanity and guides the shuttle of life through them in accordance with a vast plan which has for its object not the temporal happiness but the spiritual welfare of those within its grasp, decided the matter by bringing to the Island a California steamer, whose supply of water had become alarmingly diminished. She was bound to New York, and engaging his passage, Loui went on board, and with the renewed remembrance of the beginning of his previous il-starred voyage full upon him, saw the shores of Nas-

sau grow fainter and fainter and finally disappear in the encircling mists of the ever restless Atlantic.

Walking moodily through the long saloon of the "Golden Star" the evening succeeding the day on which he became her passenger, Loui's attention was arrested by the discourse of two gentlemen, who, in comparing the relative merits of the famous Statesmen of their respected States, Massachusetts and Kentucky, had allowed their personal feelings to become involved, and as neither could succeed in impressing his antagonist with his peculiar views, the discussion threatened to degenerate into a dispute.

"I tell you, Sir" exclaimed irate Cape Cod, "I tell you, sir, God never made a greater man than Daniel Webster! Why, the mould in which He made him, was so much larger than that used for ordinary men, that He threw it aside afterwards as useless!"

"May be so" replied Kentucky cooly, "but He had made Clay first, and the reason of Webster's greatness arises from the fact that he was formed out of the material left from Clay."

"Not so, sir! not so!" shouted the indignant upholder of Plymouth Rock. "And even if it were, your idol was, after all, nothing but Clay!"

"Exactly" was the reply, "only having created him Clay, God breathed into his nostrils an extra supply of breath and he became a living soul!"

An insulting reply was rising to the lips of the infuriated down Easter, when the matter was happily adjusted by Loui, who, impelled by a feeling entirely new to him, and which he did not attempt to resist, interposed at this point of the conversation.

"Gentlemen" he said, bowing with his inimitable grace of manner, "permit me to ask, if you do not think it would be well to recall the constant amity of the illustrious gentlemen, you mention, and imitate it? Each a sun in his own sphere, neither invaded the orbit of the other, but shone, and will ever shine, with a light which shall flood their names and their common country with an eternal lustre!"

"You are right, sir," said the Kentuckian heartily. "I disclaim all intention of depreciating Mr. Webster, though I must confess I stand with regard to him and Henry Clay, as Brutus professed to feel in relation to Cæsar and Rome; and do love the latter 'more.' You have shown your skill in carrying out a favorite measure of my favorite—Compromise! I shall be happy to make your acquaintance. I am John J. Franklin, of Lexington, Kentucky," and he held out his hand with a frank and cordial warmth.

The acquaintance thus singularly begun, ripened into a friendship as the close companionship necessitated by the confined limits of the steamer gave the two men a better insight into each other's character and peculiarities than weeks of ordinary intercourse would have afforded, and by the time they arrived at New York Mr. Franklin and Loui not only felt as if they had known each other for years, but had arranged a plan by which their new found

friendship might be strengthened and perpetuated.

In the course of the numerous conversations they had held, the subjects of prospects and intentions were naturally introduced. Finding that his young companion had no definite plans with regard to future action, Mr. Franklin, with the impulsiveness, natural nobility and largeness of heart, which have been the acknowledged characteristics of Kentuckians from the days of Daniel Boone to the present time, made a proposition and insisted upon his adopting it. This was that Mr. La Fronde should accompany him to his home at Lexington, become a member of his household and perform the duties of his private secretary, a post which he laughingly assured him was no sinecure owing to his extensive legal practice. In fact, the circumstance of his present companionship with Mr. La Fronde grew out of the extent of that practice, he having been called by the exigencies of a highly important case in which he was retained to Panama, from which place he was returning when the great hand, before mentioned, crossed him through Loui's path and wove the woof of their present life together. Loui hesitated, put in a demurrer as to his ability to fill the post properly, and upon its being overruled by his impetuous companion, yielded to his wishes without further opposition.

Stopping for a few days in the vast conglomeration of noise, dirt, ease, elegance, misery, wealth and wickedness, which makes up the mighty city of New York, the travelers proceeded on their South ward way, and after a short and uneventful journey, reached the handsome and substantial home of Mr. Franklin.

They found it deserted, with the exception of the house servants, whose enthusiastic welcome of their master was a good proof of the estimation in which they held him, as Mrs. Franklin had gone with her only child, Mary, to pass the period of her husband's absence in the interior of Mississippi, in the hope that a change of air might prove beneficial to the exceedingly delicate health of the young girl, the last of many children and regarded by her parents with an affection, which bordered on idolatry. Mr. Franklin installed Loui in his new home and then left him to join his wife and daughter and escort them to Lexington.

Loui's first act was to write to Mademoiselle and inform her of his present position, and intention to retain it. He had determined to give her a detailed account of the unhappy circumstances subsequent to his departure from Belle Espérance, but the torrent of miserable feeling which swept over him as he began the narration of the scenes of suffering through which he had passed, over-powered him, and hastily, though somewhat incoherently, summing up the reasons which had induced his action, he ended his letter with these words. "The unhappy girl has left me forever, and the only approximation to happiness which remains for me is to try and forget that I ever saw

her. If you love me, never let her name be mentioned again."

He sealed his letter and then devoted himself to the sad task of removing the name of his wife from the trunk, which contained her ward-robe and substituting that of his aunt to whom he designed sending it. Impelled by that strange species of irresistible fascination which prompts us to approach what we know will affect us unpleasantly, he loosened the straps of the trunk, and taking its key, which had been placed by the fingers of Fifine on the ring, which contained his own, applied it to the lock, and lifted up the top. Never before in the course of his young life, had he been possessed by such mingled emotions as these which now came over him, and whatever the future might hold in reserve, never again could he know a feeling so keenly touching in freshness and plaintive pathos. There lay all the pretty accessories of her girlish toilette in the tasteful order in which she had arranged them, so unconscious of the hands which were to remove them. There was a little scarlet mantle which he remembered she had worn when he first saw her, and there in exquisite neatness were the fine linen, delicate lace and rich embroideries, which would be needed even on her sea voyage, and which Mam'selle had procured from New Orleans in order that the bride of Belle Espérance might be attired as became her station. In one corner was her prayer-book with a mark at the Marriage Service, made by a handful of withered leaves, which he recognized as some of a bunch he had trimmed from a favorite shrub. Half hidden under a pile of sweetly scented handkerchiefs lay a little book, on which was inscribed in French "My journal since I saw Loui," and he lifted it with a strange mixture of tenderness and awe. As he held it up, a miniature fell from it and picking it up, he utter an exclamation of absolute delight at the beautiful face it represented. It was of a child at the age when to all the rounded and dimpled loveliness of infancy is added the brilliancy and expression which come with the development of mental perceptions and advancement of the ideal faculties. The face radiant with vivid coloring, was encircled with heavy jet black curls, which fell below the the breast on which a snow-white dove was resting, clapsed there by the scarcely less white hands of its little mistress, and starry eyes of remarkable size gazed up at the beholder with an expression, he remembered but too well. On a slip of paper fastened around the picture was traced in a delicate hand, "My likeness when I was five years old—I wish I could look so again, so that I might be more worthy of Loui." He bent down and kissed the lovely face beneath him and then attaching the miniature to his watch chain, he laid it on his bosom. Replacing the slip in the leaves of the journal, he locked it in his private desk, and refastening the trunk had it dispatched to his aunt. In due time his letter reached its destination, but the steamer on which the trunk was placed having experienced the tender mercies of a snag

in the Mississippi, it and its contents were deposited on the bottom of that mighty and muddy stream. The twinkling eyes of Mademoiselle La Fronde lost much of their accustomed brightness owing to the moisture which dimned them, as she read the strangely sad letter of her beloved and so evidently suffering nephew. It never entered her mind to question the propriety of his conduct, nor comment on the motives which induced him to prefer the position of a private secretary in Lexington, to a re-union with his wife and the congenial life in Paris, which her fortune, which was to come into her possession on her marriage, would permit. Loui's will was her law, and his adoption of a plan at once invested it in her estimation with dignity and propriety. So she received the expression of his wishes with the single determination to carry them into effect, exculpating him from even the shadow of a fault, and, as is natural with her sex, laid a double share of blame upon Camille, whose course she now viewed in a stern light, in that it has been cause of rendering Loui unhappy. She communicated this feeling very plainly to her cousin in a decidedly sui-generis-tic letter, which she closed by quoting, without any previous preparation, the concluding sentence of Loui's letter.

Then fortifying herself with the reflection that suffering is an inseparable adjunct of greatness, the good lady deduced a cause for increased family pride from the very unhappiness of her nephew, and devoted herself with increased assiduity to the study of the Chronicles of La Fronde, endeavoring to find in their veracious records a case anaiogous to that of Loui.

The letter was received at Broad-fields on the evening of a day so balmy that, Camille, tempted by its spring-like softness, had walked beyond her accustomed limits. Finding that she had drawn rather too freely on her slender stock of strength, she stopped to rest in the pretty rustic chapel which her uncle, in conjunction with Col. Preston, had built for the benefit of their respective plantations, the services being conducted alternately by the minister of the neighboring parish and Mr. Esten, who had been duly qualified as lay reader.

The young girl was deeply imbued with the influences of the time and place, and seating herself on the low step which surrounded the chancel, she rested her head against its railing, while memory recalled the old church at Belle Espérance and the morning of her marriage. The retrospect was not unpleasant now, for time had soothed the unhappiness she had then felt, until it had lost half its proportions and she was supported by a hope which, though unacknowledged even to her own heart, had the strength of a settled conviction and formed the motive power of her young life. This was the belief that Loui's coldness of manner and words which had wounded her so cruelly, were all assumed, and that in reality he loved her with the devotion, she had attributed to him, when she consented to become his

wife. This thought had been unconsciously strengthened as she learned more of her own capacities for pleasing, and saw in the love which she inspired in all with whom she was associated, a sweet proof of her power to charm even her fastidious husband, who she felt would forgive her rash desertion of him, now that her uncle had informed him of the girlish and romantic motives, which had prompted it.

Impressed by this soothing thought, she rested in a state of dreamy repose; then a sudden thought seemed to strike her like an inspiration, and yielding to its impulse, she knelt at the chancel rail, and clasping her little hands, poured out her very soul in an impassioned prayer, that God would make her husband love her, render her worthy of his love, and give her the joy of his presence again.

As she knelt there with her silky hair falling in rich masses over her neck, her soft lips parted as the tide of petition surged through them, her cheeks flushed in the earnestness of her appeal, and her shining eyes intently fastened on the Cross suspended over the Altar, the original of the picture, which lay on Loui's breast was reproduced with redoubled beauty.

At this moment she heard her name called, and turning around, saw one of the house servants who had been dispatched by her aunt with a letter, which, as she rightly conjectured, contained the long hoped for tidings of Loui. With a cry of joy Camille seized the letter and then telling the boy to return to the house, she tore open her treasure with hands that trembled in the excess of her agitation. She read rapidly and with a blank amazement, which prevented her senses from taking in the real meaning of the words, until she reached the last sentence.—then a wild consciousness shot through her heart, and with strained and dilating eyes she went over it again, slowly repeating aloud the cruel words in which her husband renounced her forever. Then as the full weight of her misery came upon her, the poor child pressed her hands wearily upon her breast, which a few moments before had bounded with the sweet hopes which rocked her heart to a happy rest, and said in the tone of one who meekly accepts an overpowering sorrow: "It is all over now! My dream of earthly happiness is gone, henceforth I devote myself to Thy service—Oh! Father, make me fit to serve Thee!"

Then kneeling again at the chancel rail she laid her pure young head upon it, and breathed a prayer, which like the fragrance diffused by the crushed spice, rose richer and sweeter in that it came from a broken heart.

## UNDERTOW.

A SONNET.

It is a gift for which to render praise,
  Ceaseless and fervent, that our troubled hearts
  Can hide the harrowing grief that chafes and smarts,
And shut themselves from all intrusive gaze.
  Oft when the murmur of the world grows low,
  And the felt silence broods, serene and still,—
The inward ear is listening to the flow
  Of eddying memories, that flood and fill
  The soul with tumult. Then—how blest to wear,
To eyes that yield no sympathizing look,
  A face of tidal quiet, that shall bear
  No hint of undercurrents! Who could brook
That even our nearest, dearest, best should know
The secret springs of many an hour of woe!

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## RAMBLES IN YORKSHIRE.

It is a quaint old city, indeed, with its tiled roofs, and its ancient wall, and its narrow, tortuous streets, and, rising over all, the towers of its venerable Minster, and the transition is striking from the Nineteenth Century to any time these two or three hundred years, as the stranger leaves the railway carriage which has whirled him, in four hours and a half, one hundred and ninety-six miles from London, and loses himself in three minutes in the intricacies of the Cathedral City of York. In the matter of antiquity the city has greater claims, perhaps, upon the traveler's attention than any other place in the kingdom. It is something to go back to the Picts and Scots and the recapture of the town from them, fourteen centuries ago, by those highly respectable old buffers, Hengist and Horsa, who came at a very early period to bother the natives in the use of the aspirates, but York was a town of no little importance, we are told, before Agricola made it his residence in the numerically insignificant year of 78, and if we leave the daylight of history for the twilight of fable we shall learn from the monks that it was founded by a great-grandson of Æneas who lived in the time of David. All the historical associations of York the stranger will find carefully and conveniently set down for him in Mr. Black's very excel-

lent "Picturesque Guide to Yorkshire," fresh from the perusal of which he will start out upon his rambles through the town with such a jumble of miscellaneous personages in his memory, in the most admired chronological disorder, that it would hardly surprise him in his confusion of dates to encounter some of them in the flesh within the next hundred yards. Here a Roman Emperor died and here an English King was married; over these stones galloped many a group of knights-in-armor, in the day when warriors themselves were "iron-clads;" here rumbled the cumbrous artillery of King and Parliament, and dashed Dick Turpin on his memorable ride; and along these pavements passed gentle Jeanie Deans on her journey to London, and that remarkable man Eugene Aram on his way to the Castle, with "gyves upon his wrists." One cannot help thinking of them all, just after reading, as in duty bound, Mr. Black's account of York, and is not quite brought back from the past until he narrowly escapes being run over, not by a Roman chariot but by a hotel omnibus, or, turning a corner, comes in collision with a policeman instead of a Plantagenet.

The mixture of old and new in York is odd enough. The town of to-day is pleasingly provincial in its out-of-door life, and has a population of fifty thousand inhabitants, who are usefully employed in making beer, gloves, combs, leather, paper-hangings, lollipops, iron-castings and glass-ware. There is a very beautiful new bridge but a short distance above a fine old bridge across the little river Ouse, which flows through the city, and there are smart shops with plate-glass windows, full of pretty things from London, in close juxtaposition to the crumbling walls of old churches of the middle ages, and the extensive buildings of the railway station have risen upon the ruins of ancient abbeys and hospitals. The antiquities of York tell of three periods of departed grandeur. The castle refers to the palmy days of Courts and Parliaments, the monastic remains suggest the former sacerdotal supremacy of the place, and the Roman memorials speak of the high civilization which, translated from the banks of the Tiber, made York in the earlier portion of the Christian era the most considerable city of Western Europe.

The antiquarian, and the conscientious sight-seer who honestly follows his guide-book in York, will bless the Yorkshire Philosophical Society for this, that through the agency of that praiseworthy and valuable institution they are enabled, for the moderate expenditure of a shilling (any week day but Saturday, when the fee is only a penny) to see, collected together in one place, the Roman curiosities and the monastic ruins, besides many objects of interest in geology and natural history. The Society some years ago obtained from government a grant of what was left of St. Mary's Abbey and the greater part of its site, which has been laid off in beautiful gardens, wherein the Society has erected a Museum for the safe-keeping

and exhibition of its collections. The Abbey must have been a pile of great extent and of exquisite beauty from the fragments that remain, little bits of rich doorways, here and there a pillar or a column, and eight windows, the tracery of which in stone is exceedingly delicate. The Hospitium, an old building of wood and stone, formerly belonging to the Monastery and used for the entertainment of such visitors as were not admitted to the principal apartments of the religious establishment, contains a very large number of the Roman relics, consisting of many curious objects in bronze, gold, silver and marble. Here is a sarcophagus in which one of the "Victorious Sixth Legion" was buried, rest his soul! How we should like to know something of the life of this man! Was he a man "set under authority, having under him soldiers," like the centurion, or was he a centurion's servant, in the same social rank with him on whom the miracle of healing was wrought? Did he wear this ring that we see in the case close by, did he drink from this amphora which time has spared, and what drank he? Was it Falernian, or the Bass's Pale of the period? What manner of habitation had he? Was York then as Pompeii having for the floors of its dwellings such pavements in mosaic as these which have been dug up after eighteen centuries of concealment under ground? These ornaments of gold, did they belong to *placens uxor?* Was she of the island, and did she at all resemble the lady whom Mr. Millais has painted, in his picture of the Departure of the Romans from Britain, on the beach at Dover fondly clasping her husband at the moment of parting with him for ever? It is a curious field of speculation, this Roman occupation of Britain: it is strange that possessing so many relics that bespeak a high civilization for the time, we should know so little about it—that leaving a great wall to tell of their conquest the Romans should have left no history to hand down its *res gestæ;* and it is stranger still, that having enjoyed such a civilization, or been brought in contact with it, during several hundred years, the ancient Britons should have relapsed into the most hideous barbarism.

In the Museum of the Philosophical Society there was a large collection of fossils and of the bones of extinct British quadrupeds, from which it would appear that the British lion is not a myth after all, but that he once roamed the forests of the island and was king thereof, and that before his reign the great leading family of Britain was the Saurian family, though the Irish, we may suppose, might set up their claim with some show of justice to the original Icthy O'Saurus; but as I did not come to York to study fossils, and as I have found Museums to be pretty much the same sort of thing, in my ignorance, everywhere, (like the "swell" who was eloquently rebuked by Mr. Ruskin for saying that one mountain was to him just like another mountain) I did not take the proper degree of interest in the museum,

and was glad to escape into the grounds, where was to be seen a much prettier sight in sunshine and turf, green and gold, "a Gothic ruin and a Grecian house," and maidens and children in happy groups around.

Luncheon comes opportunely after sight-seeing, and on the day of my visit to St. Mary's Abbey, I went directly from the grounds to the old hostelry of the Black Swan where our little party partook of the hams and the beer of York, both famous in the north of England. Upon the front of the building there is the sculptured similitude of the Black Swan with extended wings as it has remained unruffled for more than a century, while great modern hotels were building at the Station and elsewhere, and the interior of the establishment has the look as having undergone no change since, let us say, the settlement of the Hanoverian succession. In the smoking room there hangs over the great fire place the veritable card of the arrivals and departures of the stage coaches running to and from all parts of England, in the olden time, the card setting forth in brief for the information of the guests of the Black Swan the towns through which the coaches passed—the Bradshaw of our ancestors with the advantage over our own guide of simplicity and intelligibility—and in the court yard is a drinking trough for horses over which is inscribed this distich—

"Whoever washes *their* hands in here
Must sixpence pay or a pint of beer."

The Black Swan was of old the head-quarters of the coaches, and this court-yard, now so silent and deserted with only a single stable boy shuffling about it, was gay enough then with the guards in their red coats and noisy enough with the blare of their horns, as the rattling Swiftsure and the brilliant Tally-Ho, with polished panels and burnished mountings, passed through the gates. Were I a guest of the Black Swan I am sure I should wake in the morning fancying that I heard the preliminary toot of departure from below, and get up in haste lest I should be left by the coachman.

As on the Continent it has been said, as a bit of continental "proverbial philosophy," that all roads lead to Rome, so in York it may be said that all the streets lead to the Cathedral. Walk in whatever quarter you may, so that you do not get into the country, and if you will but walk far enough you will surely come out upon the Minster. This magnificient structure is not only the most important and interesting feature of the city, but the finest of all the ecclesiastical Gothic edifices of England, and worthy to be named even with the great temples of Antwerp and Strasburg, of Burgos and Milan. The American should by all means endeavor to see York Minster before going to the Continent, because coming freshly from the grandest triumphs of the Gothic architecture, York Minster may impress him with a sense of disappointment from its being inferior to these in size, and he may pass it by with a very cursory examination of its beauties. More than this, after a tour of some months through France, Germany,

Italy, Spain, one becomes weary of cathedrals, of flying buttresses and gargoyles and stained windows and bosses and mullions. There is a limit to one's enjoyment of architecture as to one's appetite for partridges, and the capacity for minsters may be exhausted before he reaches York. In no other way can I account for the fact that when I first saw York Minster, now more than twelve years ago, rapidily returning from the Continent to America, I was stupidly insensible to its marvelous grace and grandeur. It was a chill November day, and the air was filled with descending snow-flakes, and the interior was dark, and I came away thinking the merits of the structure had been very greatly exaggerated. With this impression in my memory, it was with something like awe-struck astonishment that I stood again in front of the edifice and gazed upon its beautiful lines. It was another and the same, one could not all forget it and yet there seemed to have come over it a wondrous glory that it had not before. The difference of sunshine and snow-storm did not explain the change, nor yet the fact that meanwhile the effect of the cathedral has been much enhanced by the removal of many old buildings which formerly blocked up the approach to the west front.—It is to be hoped that the work of demolition will go on until an open space can be secured on all sides of the great fabric, so that the full majesty of its design may break upon the beholder from whatever point he may view it.

The dimensions of a building, given in figures, rarely serve to afford one who has not seen it, any adequate idea of its effect, yet when it is stated that York Minster is 524½ feet in length and 250 feet in breadth across the transept, the reader will see that it is, indeed, vast, and, if he be not familiar with immense structures, he will have some difficulty in conceiving of such magnitude in architecture. Internally, the sense of beauty is overwhelmingly excited by the cathedral; the harmony of its several parts, the mellow light that streams through the painted windows, the far receding perspective of the vaulted roof, the subdued tint of the stone, the certain nameless air of the whole interior so gratify the taste and captivate the imagination that the beholder has no thought of measurement at all. That the great window of the east end is 76 feet high and 32 feet wide is of no moment whatever. He does not think of size, he only exclaims "how beautiful!" And the beauty grows upon the visitor more and more. Familiarity does not engender indifference, it only deepens the impression that has first been made. Hugh Miller tells us that, when he visited York Minster, while he felt the poetry of the edifice, the sentiment of reverence was so little excited in him by it, that he failed to remove his hat until somewhat rudely commanded to do so by one of the officials, and he attributes the fact to his Presbyterian education. I confess I cannot understand this. Awe-struck admiration is very nearly akin to reverence. Protestant as I am, I can never forget

the feeling of reverence that overcame me when I first entered St. Peter's at Rome, and though I made many visits to York Minster during a sojourn of two weeks in its neighborhood, I never passed into the nave without being hushed into silence, without a thankful, I might say devotional recognition of the beautiful around and above me, nor indeed, without feeling that a sort of perpetual worship was going on there to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

One of these visits I made in the company and under the guidance of a clergyman of the Church of England, educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold and at Oxford, who had once been a Canon of the Cathedral, a gentleman deeply imbued with all learning, who loved every part of the great edifice, to whom there was a sermon in every stone and a psalm in every quatrefoil. There could not have been a more delightful cicerone. We went through every portion of the pile and its adjuncts, from the crypt to the Chapter House, and saw the drinking horn of Ulphus and the crozier of silver that belonged, I believe, to Archbishop Scroop, and all of interest and antiquity that was contained in the whole ecclesiastical structure, not forgetting the library from which my companion borrowed some ponderous volumes. Together we surveyed the exterior from every possible point of view, but found the most effective *coup d'œil* from the west just at the entrance of the Roman Catholic Church of St. Wilfrid, a florid building which has been recently erected, and was opened by Cardinal Wiseman, in 1864. The zealous Romanist may be well supposed never to enter this noble edifice without casting a look of bitter regret at the great temple across the way, as he reflects that it was so long under the domination of the Pope. An old man, a Roman Catholic, was pointed out to me in the Cathedral, sitting on a bench in the great nave, who, for many years past, has spent several hours of every day in the Minster which he confidently believes he will yet live to see given back to the Church of Rome. In view of the immense strides that have been made in the direction of the Papacy by an increasing party of the Anglican Church, within the last quarter of a century, the old man's faith may not appear to some so unreasonable after all, and if he should ever see morning service performed in the Minster after the manner of St. Alban's, Holborn, he might fancy the long-looked for hour of reinstatement had come at last and sing his *nunc dimittis* with rapture.

My companion related to me with a great deal of sensibility the melancholy story of the two disastrous fires, occurring within a period of eleven years, by which the Minster was so cruelly injured. The first of these was the work of an incendiary and happened in 1829. A lunatic named Martin, who had concealed himself behind a tomb, after evening service set fire to the choir, and despite all efforts to extinguish the flames, this portion of the building, with its exquisite carvings in oak, was entirely destroyed. The second fire of 1840 my companion well re-

membered. He spoke of the thoroughness and success of the restoration with a very natural pride as a good Churchman and as a lover of art. The recurrence of such a disaster after so short an interval has caused the authorities to adopt great precautions against a third fire in which the whole fabric might be laid in ruins.—Should such a calamity occur York Minster would probably not be reconstructed upon its present scale of magnitude and magnificence. The age of building Cathedrals has passed away.

An hour's ride by rail from York will transport the traveler to a town offering the liveliest contrast in appearance to the archi-episcopal city.

It is the fashionable season we will suppose.

Arriving with two or three hundred other passengers at a smart, bright, bustling station he will be speedily whisked in a fly through streets filled with well-dressed people, lounging about, and small four wheel open carriages, drawn by one horse, on the back of which sits a juvenile postillion in red jacket, much too small for him, and enormous jack-boots in which he seems lost—and presently he (the traveler not the postillion) will begin to ascend some very steep hills, over a smoothly paved road-way, between lines of tall, well-built houses and along the margin of pretty little squares, having reached the summit of which hills, he will find himself on a noble terrace, looking sharply down for several hundred feet upon a collection of rather mean buildings in a narrow valley spanned by a fine bridge, and across the valley a bold rocky promontory crowned by a ruinous old castle, and all around, far away to the northern and eastern horizon, the everlasting sea.—This is Scarborough.

Scarborough is known as the "Queen of English Watering Places," and has long enjoyed its popularity, but has also had its periods of decadence. In the old time of "The Road," when the great world traveled in their own conveyances, any number of dukes, marquises and earls went annually to Scarborough with their families, in the lumbering old chariots then in vogue. This was full half a century before the gentry of Virginia and Carolina were accustomed to journey four-in-hand to Balston and Saratoga, and in the days when Sheridan, recasting the comedy of Vanbrugh, supposes Lord Foppington to carry on his intrigues there, and when it divided with Bath, under the reign of Beau Nash, the favor of the aristocracy. At a later day, as we know, the "finest gentleman in Europe" built the Pavilion on the Channel and brought Brighton into fashion, and later still the young British nobleman betrayed a decided preference for the German Spas, where the restoration of his health was greatly facilitated, or the ennui of the summer months was more pleasantly beguiled, by the twirl of the roulette and the vicissitudes of rouge-et-noir. If Scarborough dwindled for a time, during the Prince Regent's career, the very cause which filled Baden and Ems with English mi-

lors, viz: the universal extension of the railway, has restored its prosperity. The company is not the same, but it is larger. Scarborough is now the great resort of the easy middle classes and of Messrs. Hoi Polloi and others—who can reach it by rail from any part of the island in a day, while it still enjoys the patronage of a sufficient number of the nobility to give the *bel air* to its promenades and to glorify the gazette with the lustre of lordly names.

There were six or eight thousand visitors at Scarborough, at the time of my visit, distributed among the various hotels and living in apartments, some spending the entire season but the great majority coming and going as at all watering places. There was no hotel as large as the Ocean House at Newport or that of the Sweet Springs in Virginia, and there was a marked gradation in their various positions in the scale of fashion. The Crown and the Queen's seemed to look down on all the rest, even the Prince of Wales', and quite scorned the Princess Royal, where I was lodged, a clean, airy, comfortable establishment which literally looked down from a perch of two hundred feet on the town and all that it contained. There were guests at our house who were only too glad to attend the hops and balls at the greater houses and came back with pleasant gossip, given at table d'hote, of the illustrious people they saw there, but the illustrious people never returned the compliment by illustrating the modest little dances of the Princess Royal. It was noticeable, too, that constant migrations were going on from our house to the greater houses upon vacancies being presented therein, so that the Princess Royal seemed to serve simply as a lodging house in ordinary to these more fashionable resorts, where Scarborough pleasure-seekers passed a sort of probationary residence before entering upon the full enjoyment of the season.

The routine of life of Scarborough is much the same with that of all sea-side retreats the world over, with that of Scheveningen, Biarritz, Newport, Pass Christian—who does not know it? or if there are in it some features peculiar to England, where have John Leech's sketches not reached? It is a life of billiards, bathing, flirtations, fatiguing excursions into the regions round-about, futile piscatorial efforts in boats on the bay in which the sun peels the skin from one's nose, music of military band, morning lounge to the newsman's for the London journals, hops as already suggested, etc., etc. It may be varied, as in all sea-port towns, by plunging into all manner of tarry little alleys and fishy by-lanes which lead down to the water where the hardy British mariner abides in his sailor's boarding house, or, as at other watering places, by attendance upon the concert of Mad'lle. Squallini, prima donna from ever so many Royal and Imperial opera-houses, the circus, the performance on the flying trapeze, and so on, for those accommodating servants of the public, the showmen and the acrobats and

the prime donne, always come to the Court of Fashion and of Pleasure wherever it may be held. Also come hither the fashionable venders of elegant inutilities, opening branches of their London shops, and modistes, and coiffeurs, Jobkins from Regent street and Madame Velours of Baker street, Portman square, W. and Eglantine, of whom Titmarsh wrote—likewise benevolent chiropodists, who have removed without pain the corns of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and pared the bunions of the Duke of Cambridge to the unspeakable satisfaction of that eminent personage, and quack doctors innumerable, who, shrewdly calculating on the credulity of their fellow-men, have repaired to a health-giving atmosphere on the sea to cure all bodily ailments with the Wonderful Elixir of Hygeia and the Medicated Mead of Madagascar. As for the photographer, he is the Inevitable. The number of galleries in Scarborough is so great that one might suppose there was a munincipal regulation that every visitor should have himself photographed on pain of not being permitted to bathe.

The daily excitement, gaiety, fashion, gossip of Scarborough culminate in the afternoon upon the Esplanade and along the Spa. The Esplanade is a commanding terrace flanked by fine buildings 300 feet above the sea, and precipitously overlooking the Spa, which is an extended promenade upon the very margin of the ocean, having, on one side, some very noble music halls of stone, erected after designs of Sir Joseph Paxton, and on the other a solid quay or sea-wall of masonry. An open space contiguous to the music halls, is provided with seats and benches, and a handsome pavilion for the band which plays every afternoon for the entertainment of the public, the public having paid its sixpence for admission at the Spa gates. The Esplanade is directly reached from the Spa by flights of stone steps ascending the cliff for half the elevation, and terrace walks for the remainder. There is probably not a more delightful spot in all England than this, for the beauty and variety of the grounds, the elegance of the buildings, and the lookout upon the sea. The Spa derives its name from the medicinal springs that bubble up there, for Scarborough combines the advantages of sea-bathing and chalybeate waters. Of the latter Mr. Black (after giving a chemical analysis of them) somewhat naïvely says that they may be drunk with impunity by persons in good health, but that invalids should not venture to imbibe them except under the advice of a physician. But invalids and robust people alike may drink in to the full the invigorating sea air which blows freshly from the German Ocean, and feel the better for it. And there is no point so agreeable for such inspiration as a bench on the quay when the sea wall is throwing back the waves of the advancing tide.—When the tide is out at Scarborough the sands are bare for nearly a third of a mile, when it comes in, it is with a dash and a bound, breaking grandly against

the stone-work of the quay, and now and then leaping over the wall, as it does at the moment of which I write, sprinkling with a few drops of salt-water the moire antique of the blue-eyed young lady who has been sitting this half-hour in the same spot, looking out intently in the direction of Norway, and thinking of Heaven knows what, as the band plays the waltz from Faust, and the idle promenaders pass by.

If you are not one of Sterne's "splenetic travelers," and if you are quite alone, as I was, it will while away an hour not unpleasantly, perhaps not unprofitably, to sit and observe the careless crowd and study the phases of character it presents. You will have no difficulty in recognizing the young couple on their wedding tour, nor the youthful lovers who are making of this promenade along the Spa a part of the walk to wedlock, not yet the matron who has come to Scarborough with ulterior designs for Sarah Jane, who is arrayed in her best gown and follows at a little distance with an officer, whether of Her Majesty's service or not, you find it difficult to determine. Here come a couple you have seen before, the mayor and mayoress of Huggermugger that traveled in the same compartment of the railway carriage with you yesterday from York. The mayoress has been purchasing some bracelets of Whitby jet, and she displays them on her white wrists, as she moves slowly past with an air of absolute conviction that everybody who is not looking at her is lost in admiration of that great man, her husband. Here is a couple in deep black, mother and daughter, handsome women both, and with that *je ne sais quoi* of refinement that satisfies you they are people worth knowing, and makes you reflect that such privilege can never be yours on this earth. They are not of the pleasure-seekers evidently, but have left a home which is, perhaps, sad enough now, and, if you could find out where they are lodged, are living in some retired apartment looking seaward, their only glimpse of the gay world being what they see of it on this afternoon stroll. Around you upon the benches are seated representatives of many countries, classes and professions. The young man in the black suit of full dress, with long hair and pendant watch-seals, who is reading the Guide-Book, has withdrawn himself for a time from the jurisdiction of the best government the world ever saw, to do Europe. The gentleman in varnished boots and braided coat is a Frenchman, who has journeyed so far north to compare an English sea-bathing place with Trouville or Dieppe. There is a plethoric gentleman, absorbed in the money article of this morning's *Times*, received half an hour ago by rail, who is always discontented away from his counting-house and who would be unhappy in Paradise without the "leading journal of Christendom." Near him is a coach-maker of the metropolis who had rather be in his carriage shop in Long Acre, and has yielded a reluctant obedience to wife and daughters in bringing them from Mornington Road to

Scarborough. The tall, thin gentleman in black coat of formal cut and spectacles, is probably a curate who is making a study of the scene around him for his next sermon. And there is a lawyer, a leader of circuit, with a jaded, weary look upon his face of sharpness and intelligence, who needs the sea-air and amusement badly enough, but does not readily fall into the way of the watering-place, and would like to move the court for a rule against the band to show cause why they shouldn't play some old English tunes instead of all this absurd opera music that he knows nothing about.

You will meet also on the Spa at Scarborough, when the weather is fine, as you will meet at places of fashionable resort, all over England, but never out of that country, the fossil of the last century, the antiquated beau, the senior of Major Pendennis, the man who was a *laudator temporis acti* even in the generation which preceded us, the Undying One, the genuine "oldest inhabitant." He is himself and there is none other like him. You come to know at a glance the tightly-buttoned surtout, the eye-glass, the umbrella, the frizzly wig, the bell-crowned hat, the heavy gloves, the whole environment of the decayed gentleman. Poor old fellow, he has outlived his fortune, his friends, his tastes, his emotions, his sins, his tailor, why lingers he so long superfluous on the stage? You may have seen the ancient dandy, the Light of Other Days, of the White Sulphur Springs; you may remember the arbiter of the old Knickerbocker elegancies that used to dawdle about the City Hotel, of New York, before that respectable pile of red-brick fell in the very beginning of the era of brown-stone; you may have encountered long ago on sunshiny days on the Common at New Haven, the "Last Leaf" of Holmes' most affecting little poem, with

> —his old three-cornered hat
> And his breeches and all that—

but the English nonogenarian, centenarian we may say, is antediluvian, preadamite to all these. He seems impecunious, poor man, and nobody appears to know him, though possibly he might tell stories, that one would like to hear, about the fellows of *his* set. He has heard Tom Moore sing his Irish Melodies, very likely, nay, he may have heard rollicking Captain Morris troll out those clever, but somewhat exceptionable songs that enlivened the symposia of a by-gone age. I shall never know. I find him at Mr. Theackston's news rooms, when I go there at noon, looking through his eye-glass over the papers and the newest books, *a quoi bon?* There is nothing that can interest him. They do not write poetry now, they do not make coats any more, as they did in Byron's and Brummell's day, the world has all gone to the bad and there is no hope for it.

There are other walks besides the Spa at Scarborough, and the stranger that is not afraid of climbing, will find the hill on which stands the castle, a pleasant ramble, and Oliver's Mount, be-

hind the Princess Royal Hotel, a most admirable point for a panoramic view, and still from whatever spot you enjoy the prospect, it is the boundless, unchangeable, yet ever changing sea, the bright, broad, gleaming, many-dimpled sea, which enchants you. I think the sea is much sublimer viewed from the English, than from the American shores. One sees more of it from the tops of beetling cliffs than from the low sandy strips of coast line, and then the element of extreme peril mingles a deeper sentiment of awe with the admiration it excites. As we stand looking far away along the margin of this German Ocean, the eye rests on headlands only that rear themselves directly from the waves which dash against their bases, and the whole shore is yearly strewn with the wrecks of commerce. Yonder is a lofty rock some miles off, Flamborough Head, whose beacon many a mariner has seen for the last thing on earth as he was whelmed beneath the wave, and you may go up and down the coast and not a port or hamlet where Mr. Kingsley's little ballad of the fishers might not be claimed for its own. There is a publication of the Admiralty or the Board of Trade, I know not which, entitled the Wreck Chart of Great Britain—it is one of the "annuals" but quite different from the Christmas books—which is a startling thing to look at indeed. On it, the spots where ships have gone on the rocks and become a total loss, or foundered, during the year are indicated by little black disks, while smaller disasters are marked with crosses and other signs, and all along this Northern coast you will see on the Chart a black dotted line of human sorrow, which runs, to be sure, in a nearly unbroken course quite around the island. You will find the mournful statistics of the loss of human life to reach beyond one thousand every year, sometimes it reaches fifteen hundred, and not a moon waxes and wanes but some ship goes down. All this calamity, too, is compressed within geographical limits so narrow that it cannot fail to impress itself upon the mind.—The particular disaster may be forgotten but the general and continuing distress is remembered, and the sea that washes England is inevitably associated with the idea of supreme danger beyond that of any other part of the globe. I say that this ever-present sense of danger does, in some degree, enhance the sublimity of the ocean view, or heighten its effect upon the beholder; certainly the sea exerts in its calmer moods, a greater fascination by reason of this element of peril, as the beauty of ferocious animals wins us more than that of docile ones. O the treacherous, faithless sea! How beautiful, how peaceful, how loving, it seems now, in halcyon rest, with the gleams flying over it, and a dozen sail here and there, upon its bosom, and the landward wave beating so gently against the beach that it just kisses the pebbles and then glides off again, and anon you shall see it terrible in its wrath, hurling itself in great masses against the rocks and prevailing even over

these, in the unequal conflict of six thousand years!

As Yorkshire possesses the noblest cathedral, so it can boast the finest ruin in all England, that of Fountain's Abbey. To reach this one stops at the little town (or rather city, for, though containing not more than 7000 inhabitants, it has a cathedral and palace of a Bishop) of Ripon, which the reader will take notice is pronounced as if spelt with a duplicate p—Rippon. A short walk or drive from this place leads to Studley Park, the seat of Earl de Grey and Ripon, within whose extensive grounds the ruin is situated. A broad avenue, a mile in length, edged with stately trees, stretches in a straight line from the outer gateway to that portion of the grounds, where the visitor turns off to get to the Abbey, and here will be found porter's lodge and visitors' book, with peremptory payment of a shilling and optional inscription of one's name, and here the visitor gives himself in charge to one of the vassals of Earl de Grey, and with other victims is conducted off to see the ruins by "the long way, the middle way, or the short way," as he may prefer. It has often been the subject of complaint with foreigners, that the English nobleman makes the public pay the expense of keeping up his park, in the shilling entrance fee to great show places, ruins and the like. Something may, indeed, be said on both sides the question, as that the ownership of such a ruin as Fountain's Abbey involves the employment of many servants as a police for the protection of the property and the preservation and good order of the grounds, and as this is done in the interest of the traveling public, it is but fair the traveling public should bear the charge. Without giving an opinion upon the matter, I cannot help saying here that, guides in general being nuisances, the guide at Studley Park was the most intolerable bore I ever met with. He may not have been a depraved nor yet a malignant person, and his countenance did not indicate a nature either of utter depravity or fiendish malignity, and I think that I have wholly forgiven him, but forget him I cannot, and somebody will, one of these days, recover heavy damages from Earl de Grey in an action of false imprisonment based upon the conduct of that man towards the pilgrims to Fountain's Abbey. Having passed into the grounds, you must not leave him, you must not interrupt his narrative, you must not look except as he instructs you, you are no more permitted to wander at your own sweet will than is the little river Skell which flows through a glade naturally picturesque, and beautified by some magnificent elms and beeches, but which is so forced into stiff cascades and spread out into stagnant lakes of regular geometrical shapes bordered with hammered stone that one would be glad to escape from this prim formalism of landscape gardening into a Carolina swamp or a Georgia pine barren. All manner of questionable ornaments are scattered through the grounds such as the Temple of Fame and the Temple of Piety, both of which look

uncommonly like ice-cream boxes at Cremorne, and the guide at last conducts you circuitously around a hill to Anne Boleyn's seat, where, having placed you under an arbor he suddenly throws open the opposite doors revealing the grand old wreck of the Abbey in the distance, seen as in a picture frame or in a tableau at the Princess' Theatre. From this you descend directly to the ruins where you may profit by the extent of the surface, and the friendly walls, to get a few moments to yourself for a quiet observation of the majestic pile.

The monastery originally covered a space of ten or twelve acres, we are told, but the ruins are embraced within an area of two acres. There are beautiful cloisters and a magnificent tower, quite perfect, which the stone masons were at work upon while Columbus was tossing about on the Atlantic looking for his new world, (the tower bears the date of 1494) and a great east window, the tracery all gone, but the arch still lifting itself sixty feet above the pavement; and there are monumental slabs of abbots and bishops with Latin inscriptions nearly effaced, and over all is written, "Vanitas vanitatum," over the tombs and the tower, over nave and transept, vanity of vanities! so perishes the work of man's hands, and all of mere material greatness he may attempt. There are three old yew trees in the corner yonder, twelve hundred years old, Mr. Black says, and the guide repeats the story, and these yew trees have seen the Abbey rise and flourish and pass away, for Nature builds better than man, yet the yew trees will die out, too, and then one recalls the old lines about the cloud-capt towers and gorgeous palaces and the great globe itself, and retraces his steps musingly, along "the short way" this time, to smile at the gimcrack Temple of Fame that wants a new coat of paint very badly, and to moralize in his own manner on the emptiness of human ambition.

The vast extent of Fountain's Abbey and the beauty of the spot, and the grandeur of the ruins all considered, it seems strange that so little is known of it by Americans who have not visited Yorkshire, and we may discover the reason in the fact that the old walls which the ivy has over-run have never been festooned with the verses of a Scott or a Wordsworth, such as have long ago consecrated Melrose and Tintern in the affections of all lovers of English poetry.

It was the poetic association chiefly that led me out of my way in the extreme North of Yorkshire, to visit Rokeby, the seat of Sir Walter's friend, Mr. Morritt, and the scene of Sir Walter's poem of that name. Rokeby is three miles from Barnard Castle, a small village in the County of Durham, which is here divided from Yorkshire by the brawling river Tees, and the walk on the Yorkshire side leads past the ruins of Athelstane Abbey, a small bit of Gothic work that was fine in its day, to the "Morritt Arms" a roadside inn where the guide awaits the traveler on Thursdays and Saturdays. The

little river Greta flows through the estate and joins the Tees at a point not far from the mansion. The spot is exceedingly rugged and picturesque. The Greta has been left to find its own way to the meeting of the waters and to babble its own music in its course. No tricks have been played with Nature as at Studley, there is no Temple of Piety or of Fame, but in place of it an old summer house, and a table therein, at which Sir Walter used to sit and write, both summer house and table the worse for the knives of tourists, the same who have carried off the original nails of the house of Shakspeare's nativity, and had them made into miniature horse-shoes for the watch-chain. What a pleasant thing to have come upon Sir Walter in his favorite haunt, and to have heard him read some of those ringing octo-syllabics of his, while the ink was still wet upon the paper! They have had their day, those medieval chivalric stories told in lines of eight syllables, and had been forgotten mostly, save the ballads and certain descriptive passages, had not the wizard struck out the novels and thus given the poems another lease of fame and popularity. Few people read Scott's Poems—the whole of them—now; the complete set is still published in one volume as a gift book, but young people do not talk now in hall and bower of the heroines, nor sing the songs which Sir John Stevenson set to music, and the old tiresome reflection *fuimus* comes again, as I leave Rokeby and cross Greta Bridge. But what strain is this which I seem to hear?

> O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
> And Greta woods are green,
> And you may gather garlands there
> Would grace a summer queen.

There are Greta woods and not far off are Brignall banks, but as I recall the lines, I recall also a time dim and distant, and a home in Virginia, and an old piano forte that was often struck to them, and even now gives out the music of them, which comes to me, over ever so many years and over miles of ocean, faint but clear like the horns of Elfland. In that time, dim and distant, I thought Greta woods and Brignall banks were fairy land. And now I wave them an adieu, stepping from Athelstane Bridge into Durham again, and bless Sir Walter's memory, and say that of all our poets no one has written such songs as his.

## SONNET.

"Ah! then I know Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the Fairies' midwife!" *Romeo and Juliet.*

Blessings upon the tricksy Fay whose wand
Waved in deft circles o'er my slumbering brain,
Hath straight evoked a fair and stately train
Of Fancies trooping from her wizard-land;
I am a Poet, laurel-crowned and grand,
With Nations hearkening to my Tragic strain,
Deep thunder set to music! its refrain
Caught from the Muse who guided Shakspear's hand:
Wealth on the steps of Honor like a slave
Obsequious waits; my palace splendors shine
Full Eastward, drinking sunrise! Earth and wave
Have dowered me richly; ha! this life of mine
Is a god's life,—whose lordly currents have
A trancéd realm where all things seem divine!

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## MARY ASHBURTON.*

### A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

The grounds were very elegantly arranged. There were squares and circles and every imaginable geometrical figure, marked by divisions of box, within which grew the rarest and most beautiful flowers, sometimes circling around an evergreen of deep, rich foliage, shooting up in a pyramidal spire while its trunk was embedded in a little circle of fuchias or verbenas.

While they led their humble little visitor about thus, Alfred invariably pointing out to me what he considered worthy of notice with the manner of a true gentleman, a servant with a long white apron, holding a silver waiter under his arm, appeared before us.

"Ladies and Mr. Alfred, will you please walk in to some refreshments, mistress says?"

"There," said Adéle demurely, "I thought she would not trust you long, Alfred."

"My mother knows that I am in very dangerous company," he replied, bowing his smiling face, "no wonder she fears for her son."

"Tra-la-la," cried Adéle, floating from us with a waltzing movement, that seemed to raise me and my bewildered senses into

* Continued from page 231.

the air, then resuming her place with the same fairy-like motion, she walked soberly beside us to the house.

Alfred led the way into the dining-room where a refreshment table was set out, and where the guests were already assembled.

"Come in, my dears," said Mrs. Chauncey from the head of the table. "Alfred, my love, give little Miss Ashburton a seat.—Come here, Adéle."

My father had returned to the house with Mr. Chauncey and been invited in with the company, occupying a seat opposite mine.

The table, to my unsophisticated eyes, was exquisite in its arrangement—the elegance of its silver and china was such as I had never witnessed before. The pride of my poor mother's heart—her set of red and blue—how coarse and gaudy it seemed in comparison, and even her best albata coffee pot, with its accompanying cream jug and sugar dish, dwindled into immediate insignificance in my eyes.

There were summer fruits of every kind. A watermelon of immense proportions, cool and green, and presenting presently its rosy pulp, in which the long rows of black seed glistened as a Chinaman's teeth, cantelopes, whose golden network figured a rind of pale sea color, luscious figs, the seedy contents of which were bursting out upon their purple covering, clusters of grapes from which the winy liquid would gush forth in its rich fulness; peaches whose blushing cheeks reposed luxuriously among their green leaves; scarlet cherries that might have stolen their richness from Adéle's lips; nectarines and apricots of the most luscious description. The fruit was arranged in silver baskets of frosted network, and served on plates of gilt and penciled china—so fine as to be almost transparent.

I was just opposite father, and oh! I longed that the fates had separated us at that moment, for he tucked the crimson napkin under his waistcoat, put his knife into his mouth as he was wont to do at home, and kept me in an agony of dread that he would cut his delicate plate in two as he stuck the knife boldly down into his melon, regardless of the silver fork that would have assisted him much more in the discussion of his fruit. It was not independence that inspired the guest to keep up home customs at the table of his English host; mortifying to relate, it was simply ignorance. My poor father knew no better and was unaware of the furtive smiles cast in his direction by some of his elegant neighbors. I could not be sufficiently thankful that he did not seize the slice of melon by each end and bury his toil-marked and sun-browned visage into its luscious pulp—the sweetest way he always declared, of enjoying a melon. A sensation of shame also came over me as he tilted his chair up in conversation with Mr. Chauncey and screwed his boots around their delicate legs. Once he made a movement to pick his teeth.

My heart stood still. What would Alfred, what would they all think of him!—but I breathed a sigh of intense relief, when,

after feeling about in his pockets for his tooth-pick, that faithful servitor was discovered to be missing in its place, and the hand was withdrawn, so I escaped an infliction that was ever a cause of annoyance and disgust to me, and under the circumstances, I should have felt to be an irretrievable disgrace.

The time came then for us to go. On rising from the table father said, "Well, daughter, it's time we were home. I suppose you've enjoyed yourself to the utmost, looking round here. It's what she loves, ma'am," he said, turning to Mrs. Chauncey, "she's so fond of moping about and looking at this thing and that, that I thought it would do her good to bring her out a little."

"You were right, sir," replied the affably haughty Mrs. Chauncey, "You must bring her again sometime."

"Well, then, say good bye, daughter," he alarmed me by the grip he gave Mrs. Chauncey's little hand, "and come along."

My timidly proffered hand was clasped by the delicate fingers, and the invitation to repeat my visit was renewed with a slight condescending inclination of the long curls about the queenly head. Adéle turned her arch, mischievous eyes for a moment to say good evening, then directed them again towards Alfred who had removed his devoted gaze from her long enough to come forward and bid me adieu politely, becoming presently as much absorbed as ever with his youthful inamorata.

I left with a most intense desire to remain. Painful as the sight was to me, I could have staid with them forever and watched their beautiful play, so sportive at present, so significant in its meaning for the future, and unconsciously the idea of leaving them to their childish love-making, while I was nothing to either, made me miserable. Hitherto, I had dreamed of him alone, undisturbed by present unhappiness, thoughtless of what the future might bring. Now another had broken my golden web, had made turbid the sweet, peaceful waters of quiet dreaming, and though he had never been to me but as a star, a star now of the same orbit glimmered beside him. Child! child!—I can now shake my maturer head at myself—why was your life clouded at so early an age? Why, when the young girls of your age were playing with other children, were you the victim of unrequited love, suffering under the tortures of a jealousy that you did not know by name, yet stinging your young life with a poison that years could never remove?

Did books and poetry and retirement do this? Better then that you had danced with the rustics, joined their quilting parties and kissing matches, then married some coarse young farmer whose blunt expressions and lack of manners you revolted so from in your superior taste and cultivation.

"Well, my girl, what thought you of your visit?" asked father's broad voice as we walked along on our homeward way, I in a fit of silent musing.

"I liked it very much, father," I replied, timidly. "They were very kind to me."

"Why don't you say something then, instead of moping along in this way? I've been waiting for you to talk some, but it seems you're not inclined to make yourself agreeable to me."

The tears filled my eyes, for I was in that sensitive mood when the slightest harshness jars, and the contrast between the beautiful home and gentle manners of those I had just left was so strikingly presented, and so painfully felt with the roughness and want of refinement in my own connections.

My father was in one of his most unpleasant moods; just roused enough from his habitual humor to show his coarseness, the effect of excitement upon one who is unrefined both by nature and social position. At that moment his tone to me was almost unbearable. I could scarcely command the respect, with which I had always conducted myself towards my parents sufficiently to answer him.

"I am sorry, sir," I replied, driving back the tears that threatened to choke my utterance, "to seem so stupid; but you know I don't often go from home and I suppose I was thinking of what I saw there."

He was disarmed and said presently in a softer tone,

"Well! well, daughter, you're about right, and its all natural I suppose. Only you had the dreariest look in the world on your little face when I spoke, and I wanted to know what the matter was. I wonder if Phil's drove them cows home. There's some strange ones in that field. Shoo! shoo! shoo!"

He ran after them and left me to walk the remainder of the way by myself, which I was glad enough to do in my taciturn mood.

The sun was sinking as I walked up the lane between the peach and cherry trees now bending under a load of ripe fruit, and shot forth his hot rays angrily as he sank down, nestling between the tall chimneys and the cupola at the grove as if to say tauntingly, "I can stay here as long as I please, can shine upon him, make the flowers grow for him, the grass a rich carpeting for his feet and do him a thousand offices of good. You are nothing to him, can never come near him again."

Tinkling, tinkling came the cows, reminding me of my evening duties—not always to milk them, for that I did not do except upon a scarcity of work people—but of seeing to the dairy.

Mother was at the door of the dairy house when I reached home. Something seemed to have displeased her, for she was scolding one of the servants vociferously and did not turn to speak to me at first.

"Well, Mary," she said, after giving a parting admonition to the girl, "you've got back in time, though I thought you might have walked faster up the lane just now. This lazy wench had taken herself off to do nothing. I found her asleep under the lilac hedge in the garden, instead of gathering the sage as I told her."

"I'll just change my dress, mother, and will come to you in a moment."

"Make haste, then, for I want you."

As I took off my little finery I

had a hearty cry most unseasonably. But my mother's humor had put the finishing touch to my discomfort, this being one of those occasions in life in which the contrast between habitual associations which a momentary glimpse of a something better has caused you to become dissatisfied with, and that which has made you feel thus strikes you with peculiar force.—When consolation and sympathy at home would heal the wound given from without, how frequently do we meet with thoughtless fault-finding from those, who do not understand the cause of the low spirits which they attribute to moodiness or ill-humor.

These are some of life's minor trials;—minor in one sense only, for I consider the little daily vexations, like the continual dropping of water, or the pebble in the shoe, to make the greatest sum of human misery after all.—For the great, we may prepare ourselves by summoning all our strength, and calling upon divine aid for victory, as in a great open battle where foe expects to meet foe, and the parties stand boldly arrayed against one another; but the little outwork of skirmishing, sudden surprising when reposing in fancied security, small and unimportant as at first they may seem;—these may lead on to the great conflict, at last, and to our unexpected discomfiture. So drop by drop, pebble by pebble, come the petty vexations of daily life, those that imperceptibly undermine the temper, bring gradual wrinkles on the once smiling, unsullied brow, impart an habitual querulence to the voice that formerly rang clear with unruffled sweetness of temper. What a difference between one, of whom we say that she has had a great trouble and come out self-conqueror, and a scolding housekeeper. The former so placid, with a heavenly peace resting on her countenance, a consciousness that the fight has been fought, the victory won, imparting a calm that may be forever undisturbed; the latter fretful, peevish, making herself and every one about her miserable at the slightest thing that discomposes her; forever finding fault with her servants, her husband, her children, or any one whom she has in her power to provoke into as ill an humor as she indulges in herself,—what a contrast! and which is most to be pitied? Yet that scolding housewife in her young, innocent days may have been as capable of becoming a martyr as the other.—Ah! it is the continual dropping that weareth away the stone.—Little by little the habit forms till it becomes "second nature," and we are no longer conscious of its inroads upon our happiness and usefulness, of the detriment our disagreeable manner does to the character of those whom we would influence for good, while we imagine ourselves to be the victims of the negligence and faults of others. Only as we conquer in the *hourly* strife, and return the gentle word and the soothing tone for querulousness and fault-finding, are we fit for heaven; and come forth refined and purified from the fire of constant temptation at last.

I had a headache and wished to

retire early that evening, but when I told mother so, she said in a disappointed tone,

"Why I thought you'd tell me now about your visit. I've hurried over my work to have a quiet time before we go to bed. What in the world has given you the headache! I'm afraid they were not kind and polite to you, or something."

Upon that I rallied, told her what she wished to know, answered innumerable questions and tried to satisfy her curiosity. She let me go before that, however, considerately remembering my headache. Afterwards, when I was lying on the floor by my window, with a pillow under my head, she came in with a cup of one of her famous medicinal mixtures, for she was considered quite a doctor in the neighborhood.

"Here, drink this right down; it will do you good." I did as she commanded, though the draught was a bitter one, and put my head on the pillow again with a, "Thank you, mother. I know it will do me good. Your mixtures always do."

"You had better come away from there," she said, "that night air 's not good for you."

"It was so warm, mother, that I liked to lie here to feel it."

"You'd be safer in bed to my thinking. That walk in the sun has made you sick, I'm afraid."

"Oh! no! I'll be better tomorrow. It was the excitement that I'm not accustomed to—not the walk in the sun."

"Well, then, you must go out oftener. Did they ask you to go there again?"

"Asking was'nt much, mother. You know they are very proud, and I could'nt presume upon one business visit to go there again."

In her inmost soul I believe my mother had hoped that my chance visit might bring about an acquaintance between me and the family at the Grove. She was not ambitious for herself—that is, in this one respect which was quite beyond the range of possibilities, but for me what might she not hope! In her eyes I was a prodigy of learning, for had not Miss Brewster pronounced me the smartest girl in school, and had I not borne off the palm from a class of fourteen? Consequently, what might not these early triumphs forebode? and why might not her Mary be in the first society,—that is, the most wealthy, added my mother with dignity, for she was respectable enough already, had an honest farmer for her father, and as for money,—why he was able to leave her quite a pretty sum when he died, enough to set her up in the world as genteel as any man's daughter might wish to be. It was not often that my mother talked in this ambitious strain; though she felt very much the distinction between herself and her haughty neighbors, and their "proud airs" were a never-ending source of grievance and unfavorable comment to her.

I looked towards the Grove and saw that the moon-beams were flooding the landscape in silvery waves, sprinkling the foliage and lighting up the dark mass with

occasional brilliancy; revealing also, one or two white figures that flitted among the trees in the park, away from the music stealing over to me on the summer air, and the lights dancing in the windows opposite mine.

I looked till I became very unhappy and discontented. I wished so much to be with them. I thought of my own home; of my father and mother, sleeping the deep sleep that follows and rewards active industry; of the noisy little brothers whose never-ending rents with the equally endless making, and baking filled the sum of every day's monotonous employments—I was going to say, enjoyments—but here I paused midway in my discontented murmurings. God made you, I said to myself, He placed you where He thought fit, and gave you the work He intended for you. Therefore it is wrong to murmur. And as for enjoyment—with an eye ever ready to seize upon the beautiful, He afforded you ample means for its gratification. You have the flowers, the beautiful, sloping meadows, the gorgeous sun-sets and sun-rises, the nights as lovely as this. Has His creature's enjoyment been uncared for? Then, if a thought of poor mother's harsh voice, when she scolded the maids for negligence in their work, so different from Mrs. Chauncey's low, silvery tones, just flitted across my brain, I tried to banish it and to dwell upon the tenderness and care that had brought her to my room at that hour to relieve me from suffering. Could the most delicate refinement have done more?

The shadow that was hovering around me, and threatening to poison my happiness, passed away as I knelt at my sill and prayed our Lord to make me a good child to my father and mother, to enable me to keep from wishing that I was beautiful and lofty as Adéle,—but to be thankful for what He had given me, and above all to forgive me that wicked feeling of—I did not know how to word it—wishing that all good would not come to Adéle, that she was not as beautiful, or as happy, or as charming as she was; that Alfred might see she had some disagreeable fault and take a dislike to her.

Then I slept the sleep of youth and innocence, the head-ache passed away; in the morning I was up with the lark and about my wonted occupations. I did not feel inclined to read, as I usually did after making the preparations for breakfast, and the morning, though beautiful as the preceding one, had not the same charms for me. I even neglected to look out a sentence in Thompson's "Summer" that would express what I could not say myself and give me food for thought during the day. Though with the elasticity of youth, much of the uneasy and undefined discontent has passed away, enough yet remained to make me pensive and averse to my usual employments.

I saw Adéle once more—at church, with the other aristocratic company, grandly filling two or three of the front pews. She had on a jaunty hat of some straw lacework, turned up with bouquets of little rose-buds and with

long floating streamers, while her slender waist and white drapery were tied with a sash of the same color. She excited quite a sensation in the congregation; her extreme beauty making her the theme of admiration for weeks after. The gnawing pain came back at the sight of her, and of Alfred's devotion. For the moment I almost hated her for being so beautiful, then frightened at my wickedness, I joined in the prayers earnestly and became myself again.

I was near Mrs. Chauncey as she swept down the aisle, looking like some bird of rare plumage with the white feathers waving on her bonnet, and the trail of her gossamer dress ruffling with the breeze she excited in the draught from the chancel window. Instinctively, I stepped aside and stood out of her way, for with intuitive discernment I did not wish to court her recognition.—Had I presumed upon our slight acquaintaince, I am sure she would have passed me without the slightest acknowledgment of my presence, or, if compelled to speak, would have done it so slightly as to have left it preferable not to be noticed at all, but as I showed myself unpresuming, and perhaps as she thought, humble, to reward my modesty she turned her head a little and said affably,

"Why, little Miss Mary, is that you? How are you to-day?" She did not wait to hear my murmured reply, but passed on with a brilliant galaxy in her train, a dozen attendant esquires springing forward for the honorable pleasure of handing them into their respective carriages.

Adéle also passed directly by me, but did not notice my presence at all, being too much engrossed with Alfred who was talking animatedly to her and of course did not see me.

Mother was quite disappointed that they did not notice me more. "It was just like such people giving themselves airs to those as good as themselves." Thus will the advocates of democracy ever rail at the aristocratic party, while they burn for admission into their midst: the fox that declared the grapes to be sour is not yet dead, long as it has been since old Æsop's time.

The days rolled by. We heard of parties, charades and picnics at the Grove. Once they told us of tableaux and that Adéle was Cinderella and Alfred her prince. I had read of tableaux and longed with all the earnestness of poor Cinderella herself to see them.—All the children of their aristocratic acquaintance had been sought for and picked out to personate some character on the occasion. But I, alas! was not aristocratic, and was therefore not deemed worthy of an invitation.

Oh! if I were only great, I sighed to myself as I saw the long train of carriages sweeping up the Grove lane, while my fingers traveled busily over the rents and darns the children's climbing propensities gave me constant employment about, then I would search out those who had not much pleasure at home, and give them the enjoyment that the proud seem to design for one another only. How

much more pleasure it would give me to see a poor child's face light up with joy than to keep it for those only, who have so many opportunities they do not care for one such enjoyment. Adéle, Cinderella! how exquisite she must look in the fairy costume. And Alfred, the prince. Nothing could make him more royal looking. How he will adore her, so bewitching in her faultless beauty.

A keen pang it gave me, and my numbed fingers almost ceased from their—at present—irksome employment; I hadn't the heart to pursue my daily work when others were enjoying so much pleasure and so near me.

Later in the evening as we were sitting before the door enjoying the soft evening breeze, father with his pipe and arm-chair and mother near, at rest for a wonder, one of the Grove servants excited our surprise at his approach and many surmises as to his object in coming.

"Mrs. Chauncey's compliments," he commenced, making a low bow, "and says won't you please let Miss Mary come and be—and be—"

"What?" asked father, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"I can't think of the name, sir," replied the boy, confused, "but they're got ever so many people standin' up thar for people to look at 'em as if they was picturs, I dunno what ye call 'em."

"I know what he means, father," I said, my heart beating with excitement, "he's talking about the tableaux. I suppose they haven't enough for some character and want me to fill it out."

"Pretty late to ask you," remarked father, "but 'better late than never,' I suppose. Are you going?"

"Go! to be sure she will," replied mother, without giving me time to answer, and bustling about with her usual alacrity.—"It is'nt often you have such an opportunity, Mary, and you must take advantage of it."

I steadily refused to go, however, in spite of their urgent entreaties, for intuitive pride prevented my accepting an invitation tended at so late a date, and given solely that I might be used as a convenience. How I longed to go too! When the servant had gone with my refusal, I could almost have called him back and told him that I would go; but I never ceased to be thankful afterwards that my judgment had decided in favor of my own self-respect, and that I had proved myself no foot-ball for the great.

It was singular too, that I had firmness enough to act as I did, young as I was, and with my great admiration for Alfred Chauncey; besides I was naturally very pliable.

I wondered very much what they would say, if it would be that I was very unobliging, or cross, or what. The simple truth was however, that they did not think of me at all, and immediately sent for another neighbor's daughter, who proved more accommodating and filled the required part, I believe, to their satisfaction.

The summer passed away. The

Grove guests left the next week; at least some of them did, and among them were Adéle and her friends.

My mother's gossips made themselves quite busy over Alfred and his affairs. He was dead in love, they said, and it would certainly be a match. The parents seemed to think so, and to agree to it perfectly. My poor little heart stood still, then gave some terrific beats against my bosom, as if it would rend it in twain, and I suffered agonies of quiet jealousy while they were speaking. Still I listened eagerly with a painful curiosity in the subject, that would be gratified even while I dreaded its introduction.

But it soon died away, that unpleasant topic, and was but seldom alluded to; time, that antidote to all trouble, great and small, healed the wound over with a cicatrice, though the scar remained. I could not bear to hear their names mentioned together, and breathed a sigh of intense relief when one was named without the other. The beautiful young coquette had ruthlessly broken in upon my dreams, had melted my castle in the air, introduced herself like a cruel enchantress in the midst of its happy little valleys of pleasure, monopolizing the prince, and dissipating the fairy web that my fancy had woven.

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## SONG AND CHORUS.

Sing, Boys! sing! While the starry wing
Of the night is lifted o'er us;
Gentle and low, let the measure flow
Deepened and full, to the chorus!
A song we raise to the buried days
That were beaming with brightness only;
Ere the light that fled with our loved and dead
Left us so darkened and lonely..

*Let* the hair grow white! Let the failing sight
Await but a clouded morrow!
*We* keep the faith that we pledged to Death,
And the troth that we plighted sorrow!
There are flowers that bloom by the narrow tomb
Of the gentle, the true and tender,
And they are *all* that our prayers recall
Or the sepulchre can surrender.

Are there forms as fair as we buried there?
Are there lips with such fragrance laden?
Are there sounds as sweet as the bounding feet
That are white 'mid the lilies of Aidenn?
It *may* be so! but they bring no glow
To hearts that are haunted ever
By the shadow that lies on the shrouded eyes,
And the lips that are sealed forever.

Bid Death remove from the brows we love
The damps of his darkened river!
Let Heaven restore on its shining shore
The Lost whom we love forever!
*Their* light alone on our pathway thrown,
*Their* star, to our darkness given,
Shall lend its fires to the trembling wires,
That are linked to our hearts and Heaven.

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## STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

STRAWBERRIES possess the great advantage of being our earliest fruit in the spring, and of never being destroyed by frost, as the tree fruits, peaches, apples, &c., so frequently are. Fragrant and delicious also they are even beyond the rich produce of the tropics, and yielding a quick return for the labor bestowed on them, often bearing, if properly transplanted, a fair crop the first season. "We have repeatedly obtained ripe berries seven weeks from the day the plants were set out," says J. J. Thomas, whose American Fruit Culturist is one of the best books on the subject extant. "The second year, if the bed is kept clean, the product will be abundant. Wilson's Albany will safely yield any year a bushel from a square rod, or about two quarts a day for half a month."—This is a great advantage to persons who are settling new places, and desire fruit immediately.—Any good cultivation will produce fine strawberries, if you have a proper admixture of staminate and pistillate plants. The staminate plants will, if not prevented, crowd out the pistillate plants, and thus render a bed once productive almost barren. The remedy for this is to place the staminates in a bed to themselves alongside of the pistillates, and as the staminates also bear well, when the proportions are duly preserved, we have in this way no barren plants. The proportion of staminates to pistillates should be about one to eight, and they should not

be farther apart than thirty feet. What are called Hermaphrodites will answer the same purpose as the staminates, and Wilson's Albany being of this class, will impregnate all the finer varieties of pistillates. One of the most noted varieties for size, flavor and productiveness is the Jucunda.—"Its flowers are perfect and fruitful to an enormous extent. I, last year, counted trusses that had ninety per cent of perfect fruit upon them in proportion to the flowers. A most remarkable point of value in this variety is the great number of extra large berries. I saw great quantities, ten to twelve berries of which filled a pint. These, you must remember, were not merely a few selected ones for the exhibition tables, but there were bushels of them sold every day in market, which brought one dollar per quart.—This is equal to four or five cents each and may be considered rather profitable."

GEORGE M. BEELER,
Sec'y. Indiana Hort. So'y.

These high prices for extra fine fruit cannot be expected, however, except in the large cities, where a wealthy class of *bon vivants* pay almost any price for luxuries.—Still strawberries are a very profitable crop, wherever a market is found. "A well managed plot of ten by twenty feet ought to yield from thirty to fifty quarts of berries. We have raised in a plot fourteen by nineteen, seventy eight quarts of Hovey's seedling, one of our oldest, yet one of our best and most productive kinds."—Ed. Ger. Telegraph.

At this rate an acre would yield, counting thirty-two quarts to the bushel, over 360 bushels of fruit, which even at the low price of 10 cents per quart would amount to $1,152. Say however your acre would yield only half that quantity, you would still count on $576 which is a very handsome return. Hovey's seedling is a pistillate. Triomphe de Gand is one of the most valuable varieties, a staminate or Hermaphrodite.—At a meeting of the Ocean county Fruit Grower's Club (New Jersey) Mr. W. S. Jackson stated that when he was selling the Wilson in New York at 25 or 30 cts per quart, the Triomphe de Gand realized 75 cents per quart. The Wilson, however, will bear transportation better than the Triomphe. Mr. J. also stated that his ordinary yield was 75 to 80 bushels to the acre, (a greatly inferior product to that of the editor quoted above) and that ashes was his best fertilizer. He covered his beds with pine "needles" (leaves) in spring before blooming, but this necessary work would be much better done in fall or winter. The Superintendent of the Experimental garden in Washington city makes a short but valuable report on strawberries (1864) and their culture. He classifies them, according to their flavor and productiveness, making the No. 6 the standard of excellence. It will be seen that of the whole number mentioned, the Jucunda and Wilson's Albany are the most productive. The Triomphe de Gand is also shown to be very

valuable, being only one number from the highest, both in quality and quantity. The three finest in flavor, it will be noticed are the Carolina Superb, the Oscar and River's Seedling Eliza, but the two former are both poor producers, while the latter is very productive, being rated 5, which is equal to the Triomphe de Gand.

The following notes have been taken of those that have fruited here in sufficient quantities and under conditions to warrant an opinion. Taking the figure 6 as a standard of excellence, we place them relatively thus:

| Name of Variety. | Quality. | Quantity. | Name of Variety. | Quality. | Quantity. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Burr's New Pine | 5 | 4 | McAvoys Superior | 4 | 4 |
| Cutter's Seedling | 3 | 4 | May Queen | 4 | 4 |
| Carolina Superb | 6 | 1 | Oscar | 6 | 2 |
| Due de Brabant | 5 | 4 | Pineapple | 5 | 2 |
| Downer's Prolific | 3 | 5 | River's Seedling Eliza | 6 | 5 |
| Excellente | 6 | 2 | Reine Hortense | 4 | 4 |
| Fillmore | 4 | 4 | Stirling Castle Pine | 5 | 3 |
| Golden Seeded | 5 | 4 | Sir C. Napier | 5 | 3 |
| Great Austin | 4 | 4 | Triomphe de Gand | 5 | 5 |
| Hooker | 6 | 3 | Trollope's Victoria | 4 | 4 |
| Jenny Lind | 4 | 4 | Vicomptesse de Thury | 5 | 4 |
| Jucunda | 4 | 6 | Wilson's Albany | 3 | 6 |
| Lady Finger | 4 | 5 | Wizard of the North | 3 | 4 |
| La Tour de Mauborg | 5 | 4 | | | |

"In comparing these results, it be kept in view that no fruit varies so materially, both in flavor and productiveness in different soils and climates, as the strawberry. Even in the same soil and locality the yearly result will not always be the same. The quantity will be influenced by the state of the weather when the plants are in flower, and the flavor of the fruit is almost as sensitive to wet as a barometer. In all cases, the crop will be increased by slight covering during winter, thus saving the earliest-formed buds, which otherwise are liable to be destroyed by frosts.

"Again: injury often results from disturbing the roots at improper periods. It is particularly hurtful to dig or plough between the plants in spring before the crop is matured. In some soils, if properly prepared previous to planting, nothing will be required, in the way of cultivation, except keeping clear of weeds for two or three years. Soils that are somewhat tenacious, frequently become consolidated if trampled on while wet during the gathering of the crop. In this case, it should be loosened up with fork or cultivator as soon as possible after the fruit is past, and kept clean and friable during the season. The roots that support the flower buds are formed during the end of summer and fall, and any injury they receive will correspondingly injure the crop. It is now well known that good crops of fruit cannot be had if the runners are not removed during summer."

In the Fruit Growers' Society, of Western New York, the following discussion took place:

"P. Barry said he would cultivate in rows two and a half feet by one foot, and keep off the runners until after bearing. Runners generally destroy the bed—they should be removed every second or third year. The ground should always be well trenched and manured.

"H. E. Hooker would plant two and a half by three feet for an amateur, in very rich deep soil, and keep off the runners. He finds it difficult to get an extra price for extra large berries in the Rochester market. For marketing, he would plant four or five feet apart and cultivate with a cultivator, let the rows grow in mass about one foot wide. This he thought was the cheapest way to produce them.

"C. L. Hoag, said Dr. Ward, of Newark, thought that the poorer the ground the better the fruit. He had a bed on poor ground which produced admirably—some which he planted near an old hot-bed did not yield well. He spades under all the present year's crop, using this year's runners for the next year's crop.

"Doolittle, of Oaks Corners, Ontario county, said the best berries which he ever saw raised were grown on ground which had been scraped off a foot deep. The part scraped had been carried a few rods and the whole planted with strawberries. The part which had two surface soils produced very inferior fruit, while the part scraped yielded abundantly.

"C. L. Hoag said one of the best strawberry cultivators grew his fruit upon very poor land and with perfect success."

I do not entirely agree with the two last gentlemen—I think strawberries require good soil,—at least it must be deep and mellow, and instead of removing the runners every third or fourth year, as suggested by Mr. Barry, I would never allow a single runner to strike root in the bearing beds, but keep them all cut off with a light, sharp hoe. For propagating, of course, the runners must be allowed to grow, and probably, for field culture, Mr. Hooker's plan is a good one.

The Prairie *Farmer* describes the mode of cultivation Northwest to be, to plant the rows four feet apart and let the runners all strike root, and after the picking season is over, to run a plow between the rows, *cut down the weeds with a scythe* and mulch. In this way the produce is said to be enormous, realizing in some instances, over $1,500 per acre.

An excellent compost for the strawberry is said to be 60 bushels of leaf mould from the woods, 20 bushels leached ashes, 5 bushels of lime and 3 or 4 quarts of salt, for an acre.

Any one, who wishes to acquaint himself with the different varieties of strawberries, with their staminate and pistillate character, should procure a strawberry catalogue from Wm. R. Prince, Flushing, New York.—Plants can be obtained of any nursery, North or South.

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT MEN—EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY, 1834.

WASHINGTON CITY,
MAY, 1834.

While in the Senate chamber it occurred to me what a fine subject for a picture it would make. The Chamber is itself beautiful, and the arrangement, and different groups of members striking. The likenesses of some of the prominent men should be carefully preserved.

Mr. Calhoun's face and angular figure bringing to mind those stern Cameronians who were so ready to die for their principles—his eyes blazing with genius, and as if his soul looked out of them.

His colleague, Mr. Preston, with his high-born look, and his countenance not so dark and stern—but filled with a richer and softer expression of genius, though at the same time, looking as if he too would grapple with death for his principles—from generous impulse and noble pride—Mr. Calhoun would die for nullification con amore.

Then Mr. Webster's dark and, at times, ferocious face—his forehead like a tower above the lower part of his face, which is singularly weak, compared with the upper; his mouth expressing want of courage, which is said to be the fault of his character.

Mr. Clay is assuredly not handsome—but there is a certain reckless, good-natured look about his face, that, in some degree redeems it. As one of our great men, his likeness should be transmitted to posterity.

Mr. Van Buren, with his bald head and everlasting smile would be conspicuous in the Speaker's chair.

### MR. CALHOUN.

MAY 9TH.—Last night Mr. Calhoun was giving us some details of his early life and onward course, which, as they bring us to a nearer acquaintance with a great man, are curious and interesting.

We were speaking of the little pet of our mess, when he said the smartness of children was no sign of what they would be in after life—"I believe," said he, "that the temper of a person's mind undergoes a great change after twelve"—"I was an extremely silent and grave child, so that I acquired the nick-name of Judge—I was not as quick in learning as one or two of my brothers—my temper without being very quick, was very strong when excited. My head being unusually large, one of the epithets to vex me was, 'you swell-head.' When I was about twelve, my brother-in-law, Dr. Waddle, a teacher in Abbeville, took me to his house, and after the death of my sister, kept me with him. Of course, I was much alone, and for the want of something to do, fell to reading. There happened to be a circulating library hard by—my eyes fell upon the names of Alexander and Socrates. I was attracted to

them, because one of my schoolmates who had a reading mother, had told me most miraculous tales about them. Once got to work, I almost killed myself reading. In the course of six weeks, I read Rollin (12 volumes,) Charles 12th, Charles 5th. Locke on the Human Understanding, having somewhere heard of some one having read it at 15, I resolved to do the same at 13—and several other works.—My eyes became so sore, I could not bear the light—yet, by darkening the room, persisted in reading. My mother hearing of my lamentable condition, that I was a skeleton, that my ears, like the poor starved sand-hill tackies, were bloodless, and might be seen through, sent for me and put me to the plough. From that time till I was eighteen, I never thought of a book—regained my health and, contrary to the habits of my childhood, turned with avidity to all sorts of sports. About that time, a friend who was going out squirrel hunting with me, said, my relatives were very much dissatisfied with my course, that I ought to get an education, and prepare myself for something in the world. At first, I disregarded what he said—but by the time I reached home, I began to think better of it.

"After consultation with my mother, I set off next day to—(I have forgotten the place.) On reaching there I was advised, by way of preparation, to take lessons in some of the branches from a private tutor. He was an amazing good creature, and gave me a great reputation. The truth was, he knew but little, and I soon found I had to teach him. I therefore did not attempt arithmetic with him, but went into the country to review it by myself, all I knew about it was from an Irish teacher, when I was 13.

"On the day appointed for examining me, I joined a tolerably large class. Some problem in trigonometry was given us, and upon my getting the result I turned to the professor and told him so, he asked me how, and said all was right. As I was a stranger, this accident excited attention. For my own part, I felt nothing but surprise for I was sure any fellow in the class was my superior in knowledge, so scanty did I think mine. The next day the same thing occurred and the next a problem was given of that kind, where each result but adduces another. I went on getting three or four—by this time my ambition was fired to get out '*first.*' I therefore said, 'I have not got the result, but I can give you the *principle* by which it can be obtained, as thus and so on, by approximation.' The students thought I must be perfectly acquainted with mathematics, and that approximation was some profound word. From that period till thirty, I read more than I have ever done since."

I asked him if he had ever read novels. "No. When I was thirteen, dipping so deeply in the circulating library, I had with all the novels picked out the historical parts, and skipped the mere narrative, neither was I fond of poetry, as I advanced in years, I liked it better, and talked enthusiastically about Homer."—

He said he is still slow in acquiring knowledge, till he gets at the *principle;* when he has a place to rest his foot on, then all is smooth. He said Mr. Burke expresses this feeling well when he said, there was an *uneasiness* about him till he could understand the subject.

FEBRUARY, 1835.—Last night Mr. Calhoun conversed with me upon Fate, fore-knowledge, &c., and said, so firmly convinced was he that all things are progressive in this life, tending to some ultimate good for the whole that he profoundly acquiesces in whatsoever happens to him individually—that though he be crushed, all matters are right, because so ordered.

This he says in a philosophic, not a Christian sense. However, he acquiesces better in theory than in practice. He is sadly chafed at the position he now holds as a public man.

He remarked to me that all men were subject to censure and slander, and that *he* had not escaped, "but," (and his eyes blazed with almost preternatural lustre) "the worst they had said of him was that he was ambitious, and true, he was ambitious—ambitious of being know to posterity as one who fore-saw the evils this government was falling into, and saw the remedy too. That much as they might *say* it, none would *believe* he was aiming at the Presidency. Suddenly turning to Mr. L——, a Virginian, he mourned over Virginia as having utterly fallen from her high estate; he said her instructions to her Senators to expunge, had sealed her infamy, that the very name of Virginia would be odious." To all of which Mr. L—— lent a polite attention—attributing it in part to party feeling, in Virginia, and rather by inuendo, than word, supposing that perhaps Mr. Calhoun might view matters through highly excited party feeling.

JUNE 1ST.—Mr. Calhoun amused us to-night by relating an adventure that happened to him when a young man.

Old Mr. S——, a baptist preacher, invited him to a large baptist meeting, when to his surprise, he was as an honored guest asked up into the pulpit, feeling very awkward he insisted on Mr. S—— going with him. There they sat listening very gravely to the arguments on Church Government, when there arose the question, whether a man might marry his wife's sister. Some one of the members said it involved a legal question, and that as there was a distinguished member of the Bar present, they would be glad of his opinion. So they called on Mr. Calhoun, who rose and said the law had laid down no rules on the subject, but followed what was laid down in the Bible. Pretty soon he took occasion to leave and and rode home, lest some other knotty point should be submitted to him.

JUNE 2ND.—Two strange looking men came in to see Mr. Calhoun. I left him entertaining them by extracting information from them. Mr. Calhoun learns more than any one I know, by conversation. He has the knack of getting something from every one he talks with, partly resulting from his kind feeling, which leads him to induce people to talk on subjects they best know and like.

## THE ELOQUENCE OF RUINS.

High on a desert, desolated plain
In the far Orient, a stately band
Of giant columns rise. Above the sleep
Of devastated cities, mouldering,
Yet haughtily they stand; grim sentinels
Calling the watches of a vanished race,
And, guarding still from Ruin's felt-shod tread
The mutilated chronicles of Eld.

Heavy with melodies all vast and vague,
Lifts up a solemn voice where Ages lie
Entombed with empires, in the crumbled pride
Of old Byzantium. Dark Egypt's lore
Lies in her catacombs; her histories
In fallen temples; while her Pyramids
Like ponderous old tomes upon the sands,
Teem with the hidden records of the Past.
Amid their gloomy mysteries, the Sphinx
A gaunt-eyed oracle, essays to speak,
And the weird whisper of her stony lip
Sounds o'er the tumult of the rushing years.

Greece! how her shattered domes reverberate
The thunders of a thousand gods, that dwelt
On Ida and Olympus! Porticoes
That droop above their portals, like to brows
Of meditative marble over eyes
Dim with the haze of revery, still speak
Of ancient Sages; and her pillars tell
Of Heroes who have sought the Lethean wave,
And shores of Asphodel. Then, rising where
The yellow Tiber flows, some stately shaft,
Like a proud Roman noble in the halls
Of the great Forum, stands—the orator
Of nations gone to dust. The obelisk,
Girt with resistance, gladiator-like,
From his arena challenges a host
Of stealthy-footed centuries!

The lone
Dark circle of the Druid, with its stones
Rugged and nameless, hath a monotone

Wild as the runes of Sagas at the shrine
Of Thor and Odin. Slow and silently
The pallid moonlight creeps along the walls
In the old abbey shadow. Timidly
It creepeth up, to list the tales they tell
Of Beauty and of Valor, laid to sleep
In the low, vaulted chancel. Ivy-crowned,
And crumbling to decay, how loftily
Rise the old castle towers! Its corridors
Resound with elfin echoes as the bell,
Wind-rocked upon its turret, sends a knell
From cornice to cavazion. The owl,
A dim-eyed warder, watches in his tower;
And zephyr, like a wandering troubadour
Sports on the ruined battlement, and sings
To broken bastion, shattered oriel,
And fallen architrave.

The western wild
Spreads out before us, and her voice of might
Shakes the old wilderness. Alone it swells,
Where tropic bloom, and gray corrosion strive
To crush the deep and restless mutterings
Of hoary-headed ages. Dim and strange,
The priest, the vestal, and the dark Cazique,
Rise on the Teocallis; and below
Flit the swart shadows of the nameless tribes
That peopled Iximaya. Ruins all—
Yet mighty in their magic eloquence!

Oh! "Land we Love!" oh! Mother, with the dust
And ashes on thy robe and regal brow—
Deeper, and wilder, more melodious far,
The voice of melancholy, wailing o'er
Thy desolated homesteads! *That* awakes
Its echo in the memory; it brings—
(Alas! that it should be but memory!)
The carol of the robin—and the hum
Of the returning bee,—the winds at eve,
And the low, bell-like tinkle of the brook
That rippled round the garden. Then we see
The great elm-shadow, with the threshold stone
That garnered up the sunshine; and the vine
That crept around the colonnade, and bloomed,
Close-clinging as a love unchangeable.

We dream of gay boy-brothers, sleeping now
'Neath grasses rank on lonely battle-fields—
And seem to feel perchance, the blesséd light
Of our sweet mother's smile—the holy breath
Of a good father's benison. We think
Of the white marbles where their hearts are laid
Down to a dreamless slumbering;—ah! *then*
Rush the thick blinding tears—and we can see
No more!

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## THE HAVERSACK.

We have been frequently asked whether, "Aunt Abby, the Irrepressible" was a real character, and whether there were many more "sich" in the Old North State. The indomitable fighting qualities of our North Carolina soldiers proved that they came from the right kind of mothers—women of energy, pluck and endurance. Aunt Abby's character has not been over-drawn. She lives in her own proper person, as we trust that she will live in the history of her State.

The following additional incidents, in her career, have been furnished the Haversack:

From among a number of anecdotes respecting "Aunt Abby, the Irrepressible," which have been sent me since she appeared in the *Land we Love*, there are two that are worthy of the Haversack, and, as they came too late to be embodied in the sketch of her, I send them for that depository of good things.

The first is quite equal to that related by Sir Walter Scott in his "Tales of a Grand-father, of Black Agnes, the celebrated Countess of March; who, when defending her castle of Dunbar against the English Earl of Salisbury, used to show herself with her maids on the battlements after an assault, and proceed to wipe away the dust raised by the falling of the stones cast by his military engines, as though he could do her castle no harm, which a clean towel could not wipe away.

When General Lee had his army entrenched at the Wilderness, Aunt Abby made one of her usual trips to it, and was present at a sharp attack, in which the Confederate troops were driven by sharp-shooters from a portion of the entrenchments, which it was important to defend. While the officers were attempting to rally the men, Aunt Abby, with a hop, skip and jump, mounted the works and went dancing along in full view of the enemy, calling out, "Hand me up a broom, boys; and the ole woman will sweep the bullets out'en your way if its them you are affear'd on." Those

who have heard a Confederate battle-yell, can imagine the shout with which those works were remanned, but I cannot describe it.

The second I give in the words of the young officer who related it:

I had just put on my new uniform, as a Major in the Confederate army for the first time, and about the largest man in Richmond, in my own estimation; the observed of all observers, I was standing at the fashionable promenade hour at the Spotswood Hotel, in company with half a dozen officers, when I heard some one shout out, "Lord bless my soul! if thar aint Henry M ——," and before I could turn round, Aunt Abby was clasping me round the neck, and in a loud tone relating her troubles with "a good for nothing cheat of an Irishman who wants to charge me ten dollars, honey, jest to take me five miles to the camp." Disengaging myself as I best could, I told her I would go off and get a hack for her, if she would just step into the hotel a moment, and turning round the corner, I was out of sight as quickly as possible; hacks were not hard to find, and in a few moments I had one, and asking the fare to the camp, was told ten dollars; taking nine dollars and a half out, I handed it to the driver, who received it and my directions with a grin, and returned to Aunt Abby, whom I found where I had left her. "Now Aunt Abby," I said, to her as I put her into the carriage, "this man has promised to take you to the camp and bring you back for fifty cents, and don't you pay him a cent more." "No child, that I won't, you are a good boy, Henry M——, and your old Aunt Abby ain't gwine to forget you in a hurry." So saying, she turned on the driver, and having received his assurance that he would only charge her fifty cents, for the ten miles, and her's "that ef he darred to ask eny more, she'd give him a piece of her mind," she drove off happy, and I saw her no more during my stay in Richmond.

A lady sends us from Gainesville, Va., an anecdote of one of the juveniles:

Under the orders of the general, who never saw the face of his foe, the whole country passed over by his troops was given up to pillage. Seigle's corps was encamped around our premises, and most faithfully did they carry out the orders of their distinguished chief, who "knew nothing of lines of retreat." Hogs, sheep, calves, ducks, chickens—every living thing was seized by the Dutchmen "for de use of de gran Oonion Army." The stealing of the chickens was a special grief to my little brother; and as we had been Union people ourselves, he could not understand how Union soldiers could act in that way.—As he saw the pitiless Dutchmen wringing off the neck of his favorites, he said to me, "Sister, didn't we use to be Union folks." I replied, "yes we did." "Well, sister, when we was Union folks, did us steal chickens too!"

S. M. M.

We judge that a great deal of latent Unionism was developed in the bosom of that Virginia boy. It may be, however, that he was inspired with the same feeling, which a cheerless picket excited in Tom H——. He returned in the worst possible humor from a cold, rainy, miserable tour of duty, and grumbled to his captain, "why don't these Yankees go home and attend to their own business, and let us do the same? But if they won't do that, I wish that every one of them was in the bottomless pit." "Ah, Tom," said his captain, "*that* would only afford you *temporary* relief from their presence!"

The gallant captain expressed precisely our opinion of the Military Bill. It may give us temporary relief from the presence of the military, but to plunge us into the great pit of Mongrel abominations. We prefer the military to the pit!

From Fulton, Missouri, we get the next two anecdotes:

The Missouri Confederates have always been remarkable for their love of fun, frolic or fight. They had to leave home at the commencement of the war with little or no preparation. Their *wardrobes* were very scantily supplied and formed a strong, striking contrast with the voluminous, comfortable ones of their fellow-soldiers who could receive such things *direct from home*. All the Missouri soldier got, he captured from the enemy or drew from the *bomb-proof* quarter-masters, and the amount received from the latter source was limited. They bore their lot cheerfully, however, and even ridiculed the supply of their friends who were more fortunate—especially in the Trans-Mississippi Department. They would, when a well-dressed soldier came along, with a large roll on his back, deliberately and solemnly *take up a collection*, tender it to him, and politely request him "*to take his* ORGAN *off his back and give them a tune*, alleging that they wanted to see *the monkey dance*.

One evening, after a hard fought battle, the soldiers of battery A, (Captain Collins') Shelby's brigade, were discussing the "nerve" of the members of the battery, some remarks damaging to the reputation of one of the "boys of the sponge" were made. The gallant fellow, feeling outraged thereby, took up an eighteen pound shell and *deliberately rolled it into the blazing heap of pine logs*, remarking coolly as he took his seat, that they would "soon see who were in the biggest hurry to get to heaven." L. W. M.

Milwood, Va., is responsible for the following:

"The Haversack" is a good institution. In it, and only in it, can the minor anecdotes and drolleries of the war be preserved.

Permit me to empale a few waifs before they are lost, as my contribution to that principle expressed by the couplet.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

In the beginning of the war, General, then Colonel Jackson, sent the — regiment of Virginia infantry to watch the ferry at

Williamsport, Maryland. Our instructions were very strict, as to all our duties. One night, I was officer of the day, when an Irishman of the command was on duty. The honored name of Beauregard was the countersign, and as it was new, then, many of the sentinels "got it wrong."

In the course of the night, I sent Lieutenant ——, officer of the guard, to inspect the posts. After examining and correcting several of the sentinels, he came to Pat, who, very promptly sung out, "Halt." "What for?" said the lieutenant. "Give me the countersign" said Pat. "Give *you* the countersign" answered the lieutenant. "*You* must give it to *me*." "Well then" says Pat, "sure and ain't it *Bullyrags!*" As may be supposed, Pat assumed the name of Bullyrags from that day.

One of the amusements of the Yankees about here, was forcing our people, who could not get away, to take the oath. One excellent family had rendered themselves obnoxious by being too kind to our men, so our *interesting* and *gallant* commandant, Milroy, determined they should take the oath. The old people knew of it, however, in time to escape to Dixie; but left in charge a daughter, whom they did not suppose would be molested. In a few days, a valiant captain with his band appeared at the house and was informed by the young lady that her parents had left. This heroic officer did not intend to be balked in that way; so he said very gracefully to Miss ——, "then you shall take the oath." "What is that" asked she, affecting great simplicity. "The oath madam, the *oath*, you have got to take it." "Explain to me what that means, I don't understand you." I mean, madam, that you have got to swear, and the sooner you do it the better for you."

"Well," said she, affecting an air of extreme simplicity; "I never did cuss in my life, but if I must, I must. I think Milroy's men are the d—dest set of rascals I ever heard of."

Speaking of Winchester, reminds me of a circumstance that occurred there during Banks' precipitate flight before Gen. Jackson. One of the Dutch soldiers had become acquainted with a young woman of the place. As he was making "2.40" on the Martinsburg grade, without blanket, knapsack, hat, haversack, or gun; his young acquaintance seeing him, said, "Why, what is the matter? where are you going? where are your hat and shoes?" His hurried rejoinder was, "never mind, you makes hurry and gits some supper ready for Shackson, dat's all."

I am not preserving the unities of time and place in going back to the first of the war to give this remarkable instance of a soldier's sensitiveness for *honor*. It was so far back in the beginning of things, that Colonel Jackson had not yet taken charge at Harper's Ferry. We were looking daily for whole car loads of Yankees down the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, to drive us out of the key to

the valley (I suppose it would be better called the key hole,) several times we had been alarmed by that dreadful sound, the long roll, and the men knew it well.

On the night in question, we were all sleeping quietly in our quarters, when the sickening alarm broke upon

"The startled ear of night."

I was up in a moment and among my men in time to see one of them, a sort of company quarter-master, shaking another violently, to arouse him. "Get up, Dan, get up; the Yankees are come, don't you hear the long roll? *get up.*" Dan awoke to the full horror of the scene and instinctively clutched his stomach. "Oh, John" said he, "I'm *so* sick, I'm almost dead, I can't go John." "Well, hand me your gun, man, and I'll take your place." "Here it is, John" said our hero, "but *don't you disgrace that gun.*"

A fitting pendant to this early one, is this, that is said to have happened after the catastrophe at Appomattox Court House, it is known that the Yankees mixed very freely with our men after the surrender, and affected to feel very kindly towards them. One particularly dejected poor fellow, was engaged in conversation by a Yankee, so far as to be a patient listener, while the loyal defender talked. "Never mind," said the Yankee, "It will all come right. We are going to run uncle Bob for President." "He ain't no uncle of *yourn*" groaned out our poor Confed. W. M. N.

An old reb. now in Chillicothe, Ohio, gives the next two anecdotes:

When Averill made his raid on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, and captured the town of Salem, the Augusta county regiment of "Home Guards" were called out, and ordered to Shenandoah Mountain; and while there they experienced some of the most severe weather of the season, finding out what the regular volunteers had sometimes to undergo. The regiment being composed of old men and young boys, could not stand the exposure like regulars, and they were greatly rejoiced when they were ordered to return to their homes. It was sleeting, raining, snowing, hailing, freezing and blowing as they passed Buffalo Gap on their way to Staunton, and they all felt that they had "seen the elephant," and seemed perfectly satisfied with their experience of soldiering. They there met Gen. Early's infantry, who were lying along the road, not minding the disagreeable weather, and making all manner of fun over the "Home Guard" as they passed by them. One old gentleman about six feet three inches tall, and wearing a high crown beaver, came jogging along on a very large and tall horse, when one of the infantry jumped up from a fence corner and said; "I say, Mister, what kind of weather have you up there? We are having an awful sleet down here."

The braggarts among the soldiers were generally the greatest cowards in a battle; however,

there were some exceptions.—Private Daniel Murphy, of "Co. E, 25th Virginia infantry" was all the time boasting of what he could, and would do, and he was set down by his comrades as a coward, until they saw him well tried, when they found, he was one of the bravest of the brave.—He fought well in every engagement he was in, and eventually lost his life in the battle of "Cross Keys."

In the battle of "Alleghany Summit" the enemy, for a short time, held possession of a portion of our camp and kept themselves protected behind the flies attached to the tents. Murphy seeing one of them uncovered, and within range, fired, killing him instantly, and in the charge which immediately followed, ran up to the dead man, and in searching his haversack for something to eat, found something "to drink" in the shape of a flask of French brandy, and crying out "here is to you boys," took a hearty draught of the fluid, and then hid the bottle, and pressed on after the retreating "Yanks." After the battle some of the boys asked him why he hid the bottle and he replied, "*Oh I was afraid I might get struck and get the bottle broken.*"

One of the same company noted for his coolness, failed to get his breakfast on the day of the battle of "Rich Mountain," and during the fight, let his appetite get the upper-hand of his duty, and sitting down behind a tree, gnawed away at a piece of beef, and after satisfying his hunger, jumped up and commenced firing again.

M. C. H.

New Orleans, Louisiana, furnishes the next two anecdotes:

During the period that General Johnston's army was in winter-quarters, at Dalton, the misconduct of the men was sometimes punished by the pillory. One one occasion, as our corps (Hardee's) was marching out to a sham-battle which was the order of the day, in passing along we saw an unfortunate paying the penalty of some misdemeanor. Every soldier in the corps had something to say to him. Some of these remarks were very amusing to the hearers. One overgrown Texan cried out, "Come out of that Ticket Office." Another, "No use, *Mister*, no use, you can't *git* through that hole," &c.

A friend tells the following: When the 18th Mississippi volunteers were in camp on Bull Run, just before the first battle of Manassas, there was a volunteer Aid of General ——, who affected a great deal of dignity, and a great contempt for the common (I should say, *uncommon*) soldiers. His pompous manner soon drew upon him the jeers of the 18th.—Whenever he rode by the regiment, the men would gather about the color line and cry out, "here he comes boys! That's him! I tell you I *know* its Gen. Beauregard. Can't you tell him by the way he rides. Just look at him," &c. The gallant volunteer Aid bore it for a few days, but afterward, upon the first cry of "here's General Beauregard," he would plunge his spurs into his horse and pass the command at a full run.

S. B. N.

A lady in Louisville, Kentucky, sends us an anecdote of a young relative in Va:

While our hearts are lifted in thankfulness at the release of our noble and beloved captive, I am sure a little incident, showing how he is enshrined in the hearts of even the children of the South, will not be uninteresting to any Southerner:

Lawrence A. a glorious little reb of five years old, who lives in Smithfield, Isle of Wight, Virginia, has, with his little sister, ever since the capture of Mr. Davis, prayed for his release.—Their good old black *mammy* hearing their prayers. When the news of Mr. Davis' release came, "Mammy Retta" said, "Lawrence, your Ma says they have turned Mr. Davis out of jail."

His face brightened and he exclaimed, "Has they, Mammy, sho nuff?" she replied, "your Pa says so." Then said he in the most, positive, confident tone, "See now what prayers will do, I knowed if me and little sis kept asking God to turn him loose, he'd do it, and we prayed *real hard*, didn't we, Mammy?" F. S. C.

At the beginning of the war, Mr. Lincoln's proclamation to disperse, caused a good deal of amusement in the Southern ranks. Many, like Bill Arp, (who then first attracted attention) tried to disperse, but couldn't. However, the Federal artillery frequently effected that which the Proclamation could not. An officer, reproaching a squad thus scattered by a singing shell in one of the early battles of the war, received this characteristic excuse from a son of "the gem of the *say*."—"Faith, Leftenant, we was jist dispersin' accorthin to Misther Lincoln's Proclamation!"

Panola, Mississippi, sends us the following:

I will give you some incidents for your "war-bag," as the old Georgia lady called the "haversack."

My first is suggested by the story of the blubbering junior, in your March number.

In the preliminary operations in the woods before Port Hudson, the detachment of troops to which my section was attached became engaged with a greatly superior force of Yankees and "*just did*" repulse them several times; our ammunition being exhausted, we went back to the works for more. As we returned, soon after, to the fort, I noticed a bright-looking lad, apparently about 14 years old, going towards the rear, weeping as if his heart would break.—"What ails you?" said I, "wounded?"—no response, only an increased crying and sobbing. On a repetition of my question, however, he answered, blubbering explosively, "No-o-o, I *run*."—Without physical courage to stand fire, he *had moral courage enough to regret his deficiency.*

At Fort Delaware, about the time of the inauguration of the new President, much anxiety was manifested as to his probable course, especially as to the terms on which prisoners would be released.

One morning, as I was walking in that memorable plaza, I saw an

earnest-looking wight intent on a newspaper, and fast becoming the centre of a listening crowd, which I, at once, joined. "What's the news? what's the news?" was asked by all at once. "Well," said the reader, deliberately, "Old Andy has declared himself at last, and it's right hard on you cavalry fellows." "Why?" asked more than one of the interested: "He says," was the reply, "that the cavalry are to be treated just like the other prisoners of war, whatever damage they may have done the rebel cause, because they have sympathized with the rebellion from the first."

At Johnson's Island, it was no unfrequent sight to see spectators regaling their eyes on the rare man-show afforded by a view of the pen. Few of them left with any favorable impression of the politeness of the prisoners, for all the camp phrases of disrespectful salutation were re-coined for their benefit.

On one occasion, the Mayor of Sandusky was on the fence complacently surveying the pleasant spectacle, and thinking, doubtless, how much better off we were than the Yankee prisoners in the South, when he received more than one invitation to "come out of that hat," as well as other earnest solicitations from the crowd. He was somewhat displeased, when for his consolation, some fellow shouted, "Say, Mister, don't mind them boys, they're always hollerin' at some d—n fool or other." His Honor departed.

J. P. C.

From St. Louis, Missouri, the next incidents have been sent us:

In those days—the days of dreamy grandeur and delusion, there were many tokens of the over-weening pride of States, and, withal, of local prejudices. On General Beauregard's retreat from Corinth, a farmer of Tennessee removed his well-rope while the troops were passing, and a few days later, a Mississippi exempt appeared on the line of march and offered at public vendue, a bag of Confederate biscuits at the mild rate of one dollar and twenty cents per dozen.

In causes, thus insignificant, originated between the soldiers of Tennessee and Mississippi a deep and bitter feud, which prevailed until some rough rounds in the mill of war taught all how to regard a trusty comrade. At Murfreesboro the feeling, though not all gone, was waning, as will be seen.

Two consolidated regiments of Chalmers' (Mississippi,) brigade left their rifle-pits and went gallantly at a battery in the Cedars. A heavily superior force of the enemy lay *perdu* behind the guns, among boulders and croppings of the ledges. A brief but sad slaughter ensued. Recognizing it a *dead fall*, the general ordered the line back—each man for himself.

While the survivors were reforming at their ditch, A. P. Stewart's (Tennessee,) brigade swept up, and over the low rampart in grand soldiery style, arms dressed, colors on a line and coming forward with files as unbroken as the shadow of a pine. It was a spectacle to thrill a soldier's nerves. The rallying line caught

the inspiration and cheered tumultuously. One hard-featured Yallabushian jumped upon the earthwork, and swinging his greasy hat amid a hiss of bullets, sang out in tones that surged down to the second color-bearer, "Go in *my* Tennessee! Massip. has tried 'em and caught ——; Go in, and you may have *all the glory!*"

Right there was given a forcible manifestation of the wonderful mobility of Confederate soldiers, on the field. Within the short space of five minutes, the writer saw those Mississippians lose *one-third* in a brief, unequal, contest, come out pell mell, without order or arrangement reform under a close, sweeping fire, and return to the assault, in a furious onslaught, with order as perfect as two ranks ever moved in.

Further illustrative of State prejudice was an incident occuring in Virginia just after the completion of Grant's sublime gymnastic evolutions from the Wilderness to the opposite side of Richmond. No true lover of the land could wish to appeal to the weak side of feelings long ago mellowed down to uniform love and confidence, so the name of the State involved shall not transpire.

The A. N. V. was in bivouac, snatching a few days rest after the hard work since the Rapidan. A heavy rain had just begun to fall, and the men under Longstreet, at least, had resorted to the various soldiery expedients for shelter. Dick M. a lieutenant of artillery, and his *confrère*, had piled brush, spread down one blanket and stretched another roof-wise, making for themselves a dry couch; where they reclined philosophizing on the beauties of a soldier's life, when a lank specimen of Confederate chivalry, charmed with their little arrangement, bent down with this pathetical appeal.

"Misters, can't you scrouge room for one more in thar?"

Richard surveyed the diffident stranger briefly, then followed an illustrious example, by questioning in return.

"You are from —— ain't you?"

"Why, yes! how did you know *that?*"

"Because you are such a *cussed* fool!"

It has ever been a rule with wits to reserve their happiest hits to the last. As the humble chronicle of the good things of the rebel soldiery, the "Haversack" has at the very bottom of the bag, the daintiest tit-bit of all.

An old comrade in arms, a magnificent soldier, a true man, a genial, whole-souled fellow, full of fun and frolic, who could laugh as heartily amidst the roar of artillery, as at the camp-fire, has got off, at New Orleans, the best joke of the season. It deserves to be embalmed in the Haversack. We can imagine our friend's hearty laugh at his own splendid witticism. We hope, that all the Southern soldiery will enjoy it as much as we have:

"The military bill, and amendments, are peace offerings. We should accept them as such, and place ourselves upon them as the starting point from which to meet future political issues as they arise."

## CAVALRY SCOUTS—SHADBOURNE.

MR. EDITOR: Amongst the very many claims your Magazine has upon the favor of the South, none has appeared to me greater than the strict impartiality which has uniformly marked its conduct.—Its pages have always been open to record deeds of heroism, whether they were performed by the gallant officers of our armies, or by the humble privates. This recognition of the brave soldier, whatever may have been the position he held, makes "*The Land we Love*" a favorite with all classes, amongst those who tried to do their duty during the war, which seems now drawing to a close. Emboldened by this kindness on your part, I venture to record a few of the performances of men, whose courage, devotion and skill, though known only in their immediate commands, contributed greatly to the success of our arms. I refer to the regular *scouts* of our service, and I shall confine my narrative to those with whom I served, not because their exploits deserve higher praise than those of others, but solely because I want to give you only such facts as came under my personal observation, and for the entire truth of which I can vouch. The men whose deeds will form the subject of this communication belonged to the cavalry corps of the Army Northern Virginia, and most of them were regularly detailed for the especial duty of scouting, within the lines of the enemy. Of course, it would occupy too much of your space, to give an account, either of all these gallant men, or of even a small portion of their services. So I shall only give you one or two instances of scout-life, at present, but if these prove agreeable to your readers, I can promise them more of the same sort.

Captain Jno. Esten Cooke, in his last book, "Wearing of the Grey"—a most interesting and captivating work—has given a chapter to this same subject. He gives various gallant deeds and hair-breath escapes as occurring to one of those brave men, whom I recognize well, though his name is not mentioned, but he omits *one* exploit which was among the most remarkable of his career.—In supplying this omission, I shall preserve the incognito of S—— as Captain Cooke has not given his name. The occasion, to which allusion is here made, took place when Meade had his army camped near Culpeper Court House, and the object was to endeavor to ascertain the position, numbers, &c., &c., of the Federal troops. S —— undertook to accomplish this object and he adopted a plan worthy of his boldness and address. Disguising himself as a *country woman*, he procured a small cart, which he loaded with poultry, vegetables, &c., and he drove boldly into the Yankee lines, where he made application for a pass. This he obtained; he then sold his stock and after

spending *three days at Meade's head-quarters*—it is to be hoped without scandal to that worthy—he left his friends in blue, bringing in to General Stuart all the information desired. This anecdote forms the only exception to the statement made by me previously. That only such as came under my personal observation would be given. This occurred before S —— was associated with us, as he was after Gen. Stuart's death; but I have every reason to believe that the affair happened just as has been described.

Selecting special scouts and particular incidents from the whole number, as I propose to do, I beg now to introduce to your readers, Sergeant Shadbourne, of the Jeff Davis Legion, whose exploits would of themselves form a volume. Shadbourne was detailed as a scout by Gen. Hampton, and he was constantly engaged on this duty until the end of the war. He was a young man of very prepossessing appearance, tall, active and resolute. Ordinarily, he appeared to be only a handsome young fellow, with large, soft, mild eyes: but as soon as a fight began, he became transformed instantly into the dashing cavalry-man; his whole soul seemed to be in the battle, and his black eye blazed like fire.—Armed with at least two pistols, and often three, he would dash against the enemy, firing with a rapidity and precision not surpassed by even Mosby, who was "very handy with his pistol."—But in all the excitement of a battle, Shadbourne was perfectly cool, ready for any emergency, or to avail himself of any advantage. On occasions of this sort he proved that he possessed qualities, which only needed a wider field for their exercise, to make him a leader.—As illustrative of this I shall give, first, an account of one of his performances which was witnessed by myself. If you remember, Wilson and Kautz with a large force made a raid against the South-Side & Danville Railroad. At Staunton river-bridge they repulsed and returned to join were Grant near Petersburg. Near Stony Creek they were met by our cavalry and defeated with loss. Retreating towards Reams' Station they were met by Fitz Lee and Mahone, when their rout became complete and final. Kautz pushed down to cross the Halifax road, so that he could get into his lines, while Wilson fled towards the Nottoway river. Shadbourne was sent by General Hampton just after the fight at Ream's station to find where the enemy were.—Taking five men with him, he moved up a county road leading from Halifax to the Stage road.—On this, he had not proceeded far, when he met the advance guard of Kautz's retreating column.—He at once ordered them to surrender, when they began to deploy. Without a moment's hesitation, he gave orders in a loud voice for "two regiments to be brought up; one on the right, the other on the left." As soon as this order was given, the Yankees said they would surrender.—Placing one man on one side of the road and occupying the other, Shadbourne directed the Yankees to advance and drop their arms.

While doing this, the main column of the enemy came in sight, and seeing the condition of their advance guard, they charged to release them. But Shadbourne was too quick for them. He put his prisoners in motion, guarded by three men on each flank, made them gallop, then "form fours" and all swept down towards our command. As soon as his prisoners were closed up and *charging from their own men*, he dispatched a man to inform General Hampton to "look out, for the Yankees were charging down the road he was on." The general immediately took a few men back and soon met Shadbourne, who had brought off safely *seventy-three prisoners*, the whole advance squadron of Kautz's command, and this too in full sight of the enemy! For this feat, Shadbourne was highly complimented by his commanding officer, and he was recommended for promotion on the ground of his "extraordinary skill and gallantry" shown by him, in his conduct of this affair.

It would make my communication too long, to attempt to give you even a bare recital of the stirring incidents in the career of this brave soldier, but I will adduce one or two more adventures before I recall some of the other gallant "boys in grey" who belonged to Hampton's scouts. If you think such reminiscences worthy of a place in your journal, I can give sketches of many men whose services, unrecorded and scarcely known as they are, were not only full of stirring adventure, but were of vital importance to our army. For the present, I shall confine myself to Shadbourne.

On one occasion, he was betrayed by a negro, while sleeping in the lines of the enemy and was captured. While his captors were taking him off, he requested them to let him look for his hat, which had dropped. In the pretended search for this, he got near a wood, when dashing through the surrounding enemy, he made into it, followed by a volley from the whole party and a vigorous pursuit, which proved fruitless.

Subsequently, he, with another brave scout, young Swan, of the 1st North Carolina cavalry, was captured in Fredericksburg. *They were hand-cuffed* and sent by water to the guard-boat near Fortress Monroe, with the constant assurances from their humane captors that they would be surely hung. Not liking this prospect, they managed to slip their handcuffs, dropped over-board, swam to a small boat anchored near, and after several hours hard rowing, reached the shore of the James river. Here they found a small party of our men on signal duty, and Shadbourne also ascertained that a company of negro cavalry was in the habit of patrolling a certain road every day.—Getting the signal party to join them, our two scouts formed an ambush for the Yankees, attacked them and *killed nineteen*, besides their commanding officer. This affair gave arms and horses to Shadbourne and his scouts, so getting his men together he brought them to Gen. Hampton, in North Carolina, where he served until the surrender of General

Johnston: Killing and capturing Yankees to the close, with a most laudable perseverance and most untiring energy. Such are a very few of the incidents in the career of this gallant young soldier.—Brave, skillful, devoted, he was unsurpassed in his line of duty and much of the information which reached the Army of Northern Virginia, as to Federal movements, came through him.

Should you desire to hear something of his associates, I may, at some future time, give you sketches of some of them.

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## EDITORIAL.

Our Methodist brethren have an excellent rule of putting new converts on probation awhile, to test the sincerity of their professions, or at least, the soundness of their reform. Experience has shown that not unfrequently those, who shouted the loudest and groanest the deepest, gave out utterances of "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

We would recommend this admirable plan to our colored brethren, in their dealings with their new-found friends. When a former slave-owner, distinguished for his cruelty to his slaves, or an old negro-trader approaches you with his new-born zeal for your rights and his "great heart of humanity" keenly sensitive about your wrongs, it would be well for you to imitate the caution of the sect above alluded to. You may (like them) call the penitent, "brother," and give him the fraternal kiss, but watch him awhile till the fear of confiscation, or the hope of office shall have passed off. The man, with such a past record as this, who can approach you with honeyed words of endearment, has certainly *brass* enough about him to excite the painful suspicion that he belongs to the "tinkling cymbal" class. He will bear watching! Treat him with as much kindness as though he were flesh of your flesh, and bone of your bone, and wool of your wool, but don't admit him into full communion until he has passed a satisfactory probation.

We learn from our highly esteemed and valued contemporary, the Raleigh (N. C.,) *Sentinel*, that when General O. O. Howard visited our capital, shortly after the surrender, the late President of the negro Convention entertained the General with awful accounts of the depravity of the negro character, their thieving, lying and outrageous depredations in the Pedee country. The philanthropic General O. O. H. uttered many an oh! as he listened to the tale of horror.

We do not know, of course, what changed the opinions so suddenly of the eloquent speaker,

nor what inspired him so promptly with his tenderness for those, he had so lately denounced as thieves and liars. Nor do we know when his Staff of old negro-traders, who waited on him at the Convention, began first to mourn over their former career and to feel the most touching sympathy with the oppressed race. But we think that both the President of the Convention and his Staff would be the better of a little probationary trial, before they are admitted into entire *fellowship* with their sable brethren.

The recent book of Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper—the "Impending Crisis" man—demonstrates abundantly the ultimate design of the philanthropists. The old and the new lovers of the negro wish his extermination, and they will compass sea and land to accomplish their atrocious designs. The coarse, indecent style of the present book shows that Mr. H. did not write the other, which bore his name. But at any rate, he is responsible for it, and probably no other agency was more powerful in bringing on the abolition war. Mr. H., we believe, did not take a very active part in the war, he helped to inaugurate. We have yet to hear of a single prominent abolitionist, who went to the place, where shot and shell flew. They left all that sort of thing to their deluded victims.—It is really melancholy to think how this man and his party, of pretended friends of the negro, have stirred up undying sectional hatred and poured out the blood of other men like water; and now when one wicked end has been accomplished, they are ready to start out on another crusade of mischief and ruin.

Mr. Helper is for banishing every one tainted in the remotest degree with African blood from these, free, glorious and happy United States, and if Providence design the extinction of the whole colored race, he good, pious Christian is resigned to the decree! But let the philanthropist speak for himself:

"Full and formal notice to the negroes—every one of them, including all mulattoes, the quadroons, the octoroons; and all the other non-whites, that, after the 4th of July, 1876, their presence would be no longer required or tolerated north of the northern boundary of Mexico; and assist them, to a limited extent, to get somewhere (it would matter very little where) south of that south-moving boundary."

"We should so far yield to the evident designs and purposes of Providence, as to be both willing and anxious to see the negroes, like the Indians and all other effete and dingy-hued races, *gradually exterminated from the face of the whole earth.*"

"On the premises of no respectable white person; in the mansion of no honorable private citizen; in no lawfully convened public assembly; in no rationally moral or religious society; in no decently kept hotel; in no restaurant worthy of the patronage of white people; in no reputable store or shop; in no place whatever where any occupant or visitor is of Caucasian blood—should the loathsome presence of any negro or negroes ever be tolerated."

The "Impending Crisis" was written by some Radical, was endorsed and paid for by the party,

and sent thousands and tens of thousands to perish in the field, while writer and endorsers staid at home to fan the fires of hate.

The low, coarse, scurrilous language used, in regard to the negro, by Mr. H. is worthy of his party, but too indecent for this Magazine. It is sufficient to say that the old, infidel doctrine, of the diversity of the origin of the human race, is advanced, though the Bible everywhere teaches that God has "made of *one blood* all nations." We have no doubt that the negro is a lineal descendant of Adam, and that he has as much interest as the white race in the atoning blood of Christ. We believe, too, that spite of adverse circumstances, the unhappy children of Ham might become useful citizens, if let alone by the fine-and-fee-loving bureaux and incendiary agents, who are seeking to perpetuate their power by using these unfortunates as their tools.

Mr. Helper's sublime resignation, to the supposed will of Heaven in regard to the extermination of the negroes, reminds us of a "little anecdote." An old negress named Rose had a very cross, surly husband, called Quash. He was older and more infirm than she, but his tongue was as active as at fifteen, and just as full of venom as that of a philanthropist. Worn out with his untiring grumbling and scolding, "Mam' Rose" came to her master one day and said, "Quash scold too much, if de Lord gwine to take him, I'se willin' for Him to take him soon!" There is nothing like Christian resignation for either negress or philanthropist.

Some of our respected contemporaries in the "five Districts," seem to write with an eye single to what will be thought of their lucubrations by the big "Boss" at Richmond, or Charleston, or Atlanta, or New-Orleans. Now the truth is that the big "Boss" most probably has never heard of our periodicals, and if he has, don't care a bawbee about them. In Section No. 1, District No. 2, we know very well that our big "Boss" has as much as any mortal man can do, in issuing Special and General Orders. Some of the Virginia papers are disposed to brag about their big "Boss" and to say that he is the mildest mannered "Boss" of them all. Now we will yield to no one in admiration for Virginia. We believe that no people on earth ever bore trial and calamity with equal heroism. But then they are given to bragging too much! To read the histories of the war written by Virginians, one would suppose that the glorious old "mother of states and statesmen" had lost ten times as many men in battle as North Carolina; but we doubt not that the figures will show that she did not lose one-half as many. We like this State pride, this disposition to stand by her own sons. It is one grand reason for Virginia's greatness. Would that we had some of the same spirit in North Carolina! As we have had the honor of leading some of the North Carolina troops, so now we are ambitious of leading the press in imitating the example of Virginia. We will brag about our big "Boss!" He is the most industrious of them all! He can

issue ten Orders to Schofield's one! Oh! ye Virginians, why will ye brag so much!

We have, sometimes, been vain enough to attribute the wonderful activity of our big "Boss" to our editorial article on "Work!" We are sure that no Virginia editor can beat this bragging! In order to be a public benefactor, we have thought, in our enormous egotism, of writing an article on the "Sweets of Indolence," concluding it with one of the soothing and soporific poems, which come to us with every mail. May we hope that the second piece will counteract the mischief done by the first.

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We would mention as an illustration of the vastness of our territory that we have received, in our little back-woods town, files of London papers fifteen days later than our regular California exchanges. It is gratifying to notice in these exchanges, though they reach us late, that there is a widespread sympathy with the suffering South. Zach. Montgomery, Esq., of the *Occidental* and *Vanguard*, a whole-souled Kentuckian, and Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, of the *Spectator*, a noble son of the old North State, have both been active in procuring relief for the starving poor of this unfortunate section, so sorely harried by bummers and bureaux.

A Christian lady in New York, who gave the first impulse to the benevolent movement in that city for Southern relief, writes to us that up to the first of June, $63,000 had been collected. This is very handsome, and may Heaven bless the donors; and we mean no reflection upon the charity of the great Metropolis, when we say that Mr. Fitzgerald, if we mistake not, has remitted a much larger amount from San Francisco.

But while our hearts overflow with gratitude to those who have pitied our low estate, we would say to them, that what the South needs, is relief from taxation on labor, and confidence for the future. Grant her these two things and she will once more become what Mr. Everett called her, "the Delta of the Union."

The tax on cotton and tobacco has exceeded by a hundred fold the munificent charity of the noble and generous. Why, the tobacco tax last year, as we learn, was at the little town of Danville, Va., alone, more than $380,000; and yet that clerical-buffoon and charlatan-Pharisee, Ward Beecher (we use the hyphen as the symbol of indissoluble connection) had the cool assurance to stand up in the city of New York and boast of liberality to the South!—This tax upon labor bears hardest, of course, upon the laboring class—the very class for whom Beecher and the blood-thirsty philanthropists profess so much tenderness! Has it ever occurred to Barnum that one of these modern reformers is a more monstrous *lusus naturæ* than any he has in his collection?

Again, we need confidence for the future. In the present state of agitation and uncertainty, capital and labor will not come to our impoverished country. The energy of the people at home is

paralyzed, and they stand idly wondering what will come next. If, perchance, some planter of unusual determination has resolved to battle manfully against all difficulties, he will find some bright morning that all his laborers have left him to attend some political meeting, and hear the chattering of a silly jack-daw.—And so it is endless agitation, while the imploring cry is on every lip, "let us alone." The people of the United States cannot afford to lose the products of the South; but they little know how seriously the agricultural interests are affected by these babblers. We would respectfully recommend to Congress to make an appropriation of *hush*-money to the orators, paying each of them exactly what he would earn at his legitimate calling. There would be many to pay, but the payment in each case would be a trifle, and in the long run, the revenue would be the larger by many millions. The eloquent gentlemen, after being thrown out of their vocation, could, doubtless, get employment as receivers at our gas factories.

We are afraid that our wisest political economists do not feel the importance of the farming interests of the South to the maintenance of the Government, else steps would have been taken long ago to abate this chattering nuisance. We have before us the Monthly Report of the Director of the Bureau of Statistics. We regret that in our loyal section, we have nothing later than the Report up to May 1st, 1867. It appears from this, however, that the entire exports, of the United States for the four months preceeding this, amounted in value to $183,869,779. Of this, the cotton of the South amounted to $122,666,353, and its tobacco, to $4,160,857. Deducting these two articles, the exports from all other sources were but $57,142,569!—The Report does not show how much of this small balance came from the minerals, the lumber, the wool, the leather, the sugar and molasses, the rice, the tar, pitch and turpentine of the South. The wealth of a country consists in its exports, and take away those of the South, and the country is poor indeed. Mr. Everett was right in saying that the North could not *afford* to lose the South. Nor can the North afford to have the prosperity of the South destroyed by uncertainty of the future, and by the meddling of these missionary magpies of hate and ruin. Give the poor old harried land rest and security, and it will soon pay off the National debt, and within its own borders will blossom like the rose. This will pay better than endless agitation and philanthropic diabolism.

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General Longstreet speaks of the Military Bill and amendments as peace-offerings, on the part of the North to the South. Now we are afraid that either our gallant friend's theology or his loyalty is at fault. Prof. John Jahn, of the University of Vienna says, "these sacrifices (peace-offerings) were offered as an indication of *gratitude*." Does the loyal North feel grateful towards the rebellious

South? Thomas Lewis, in his Antiquities of the Hebrew Republic, says that "peace-offerings were divided into thank-offerings, free-will offerings and offerings for vows. The first sort for mercies already received; the second to procure or continue peace with *God* (not man:) and the third for prosperity in the future." In the name of common sense, does the Sherman Bill belong to any of these classes? Is it intended to express thankfulness for the course of the South, to procure peace with God, or to bring about future prosperity?

John Lightfoot, D.D., says, (we quote from the London edition, 1684) "they were offered either by way of thanksgiving for good obtained, or by way of vow or free devotion." David Jennings, D.D., says, in his Jewish Antiquities, "the peace-offering was made in a way of thankful acknowledgment for mercies received, or as accompanying vows for the obtaining of farther blessings, or in a way of free devotion." Did the dominant party offer this Bill by way of thankfulness for the rebellion? Or by way of "obtaining farther blessings" of the same sort? Or merely out of a devotional spirit? Good, pious souls!

It appears from these high authorities that the peace-offering was not an offering to bring about a reconciliation, as supposed by General Longstreet, but an offering *after* reconcilement. Again, the peace-offering was a burnt-offering. It was consumed by fire. Does our friend mean to intimate that this Bill is to be burnt up? That would be disloyal!

There was a ceremony connected with this peace-offering, called the wave-offering. Probably, the distinguished general meant to have a little pleasantry, to make a pun, and to intimate that the Bill *waved* the South off from Constitutional Union. The Northern Democratic press and a portion of the Southern have been quite severe upon him. Our old friend, Major Jonas, the Poet, the able editor of the Aberdeen (Miss.) *Examiner* takes quite a grave view of the General's position.

But our hypothesis of a concealed pun explains the case, relieves the General of seeming unsoundness in theology and seeming deficiency in loyalty. As there are few men in the world whom we like better than we do the stout-hearted soldier, we are glad to give a satisfactory explanation of a somewhat singular expression.

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The recent visit, of the President to Raleigh, suggests the thought that North Carolina is next to Virginia in the number of her sons, who have become President. Virginia has been the birth-place of seven Presidents, and North Carolina of three.—Five of the Virginians attained this high office, while residents of their native State. But all of the North Carolinians were appointed from other States. It is one of the peculiarities of Virginia to cherish and develop native talent. It is characteristic of North Carolina to neglect her own institutions, and even the glorious fame

of her own soldiery. What history of the recent war has she put forth? In view of the great difference in the characteristics of the two States, we would suggest that as Virginia is called "the *mother* of Presidents," North Carolina may well be called "the *step-mother* of Presidents."

Old Mecklenburg has an honor, which we believe belongs to no other county in the United States, that of being the birth-place of two Presidents. These two, Jackson and Polk, we claim, were not the least distinguished among their compeers. Our little hamlet of Charlotte (which some profanely call a city) has not been without its distinctions. Here the first American Declaration of Independence was uttered. Here Mr. Davis gave his last orders as President of the Confederacy.—It is thus the cradle of one nation and the grave of another. Here was established one of the oldest colleges in the South. Here Hon. W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, on a bright afternoon, in the year of grace, 1867, delivered an address to a small, but select audience. Precious are the memories clustering around this little village on the Catawba!

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Editors of magazines have certain glorious privileges, accorded to no other class of persons.—They may collect all the handsome things said of them by their contemporaries and publish them in their own periodicals. Now, the magazine is the editor's professional sign-board, and what would be thought of the lawyer or doctor who would cover his shingle with the compliments paid him by his professional brethren? Would not such a thing afford rare sport to the little boys in the streets.—But the editor, so far from being laughed at, is honored for this egotistic display. Furthermore, he can tell you what splendid articles he has in his publication, and what a talented corps of contributors surrounds him. In other words, he can say, "see, what a judicious, discriminating editor, I am."

When other men desire to get their fame noised abroad, they are expected to employ a trumpeter, but the editor can blow his own horn and the public values him, as it valued the stage-driver thirty years ago, just in proportion to the vigor and volume of his tooting. Living in this painfully modest region, Section 1, of District 2, formerly known as the State of North Carolina, we have caught the diffident spirit, and have never given complimentary extracts from the Tackey-town *Roaring Lion*, and Hardscrabble *Screaming Eagle*. Nor have we told the public that we hoped to secure the services of Mrs. Leo Hunter, the distinguished authoress of the "Expiring Frog."—But we have received so huge a compliment lately, and from such an eminent source, that we feel like Pat when he got Kitty's letter, "me heart's broke intirely." We are *compelled* to give it to our readers, and we hope that old North Carolina will not disown us on account of the constrained egotism. The traveling correspondent of the Philadelphia *Dispatch* thus alludes to ourselves:

"The Confederate General D. H. Hill, residing at Charlotte, North Carolina, is now the editor of a monthly magazine, entitled *The Land we Love*, which has a large circulation throughout the South, upwards of twelve thousand copies being mailed through the post office at Charlotte. As its title indicates, its design is to keep alive the memories of the rebellion, and to perpetuate the heroic deeds performed by the rebels in support of the "lost cause." It is well edited and well printed, but is intensely Southern in sentiment. Hill needs "reconstructing" badly."

We are sorry that we cannot imitate the usual style on such interesting occasions, "this tribute is from the celebrated writer —— so long known as the distinguished correspondent of the ———, that able and widely-circulated journal. Praise from such a source is fame." We are compelled to admit frankly that we know nothing of the *Dispatch* and its rambler. But we would say to them that "reconstruction" is the very thing we have been ardently desiring this many a long day. We placed our application for the same in the hands of Governor Holden two years ago, and were assured by him that the thing should be done very soon. But whether His Excellency, the Governor, forgot us, or His Excellency, the President, would not reconstruct us, we can't say; but we know that the reconstruction papers never came. We are afraid that it is a tougher job than our Philadelphia eulogist would imagine. The five Districts were promised "reconstruction" upon laying down their arms, but it didn't come. Then, upon emancipating their slaves, but it didn't come. Then, upon repudiating rebel claims, but it didn't come. Now, upon universal suffrage, which, we fear, will postpone it forever! Each preceding step seems to have been a step away from it, and such a big leap as this will put us on the other side of the impassable gulf.

However, personally, we are in our editorial capacity "reconstructing" rapidly. We announced long ago our loyalty to greenbacks. We used to be called a cavalry-hater, but our present number contains two articles on the cavalry, and we have the promise of a third, from a gallant cavalry leader, Gen. Barringer. Changing our individual views thus rapidly on important matters, it is to be hoped that we can be eventually "reconstructed" upon matters of infinitesimal smallness; and therefore in process of time, may be so far changed, as to consider the traveling correspondent of the *Dispatch*, a *gentleman*. We would be delighted to be able so to consider him. First, because he did not belong to the ranks of our "late enemies."—Newspaper correspondents, like the bummers and the bureaux, smelt the battle and the prey afar off. Second, because he does not belong to our "present enemies." His desire to get us "reconstructed" demonstrates that.—May he prove to be a Paul Bagley and hurry up our "reconstruction" papers!

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In noticing the celebrities of Mecklenburg, we unwisely omitted

mention of a hard-shell Baptist preacher, who used to edify the lower end of it, next to Section 2, of District 2. A brother minister tells us that he was once present when this remarkable man expounded the Parable of the Prodigal Son. He had taken up the notion that the "husks," upon which the riotous son fed, were the shucks of Indian corn, and always said shucks instead of husks, in the course of his exposition. When he came to the determination of the penitent to return home, where he would be decently fed and clothed, the hard-shell's countenance expressed much scorn, and raising his voice, he said, "my brethren, that sort of a back-down might do for a poor, drunken, mean-spirited fellow like that prodigal, but for my part, I'd eat shucks a while longer, before I'd a gin it up so!"

The Hard-shell expressed exactly our opinion of the sort of reconstruction proposed by our Philadelphia friend and his allies. We had better eat shucks a while longer, rather than accept such a home as is offered us. The poor prodigal was welcomed with music and dancing, with the fatted calf, the gold ring and the best robe. The South comes back in her rags and poverty, jeers and reproaches greet her instead of music and dancing, the tobacco tax and the cotton tax furnish others with the best robe and the gold ring, and *soupe maigre* takes the place of the fatted calf. O ye people of the land we love, you had better content yourselves with the shucks, the swine and the desert place!

We have not seen the Report of General Howard in regard to the decrease in the negro population, but we learn from the *Day Book* (New York) that he estimates it at more than a million and a quarter, since emancipation. W. Gilmore Simms, L.L. D., in a conversation with us, stated that one hundred thousand negroes had perished in South Carolina alone, in the same period. What practical good, then, has freedom brought to the unfortunate race? Every one residing at the South knows that wickedness has increased an hundred fold with them. A crime, which was only heard of a few times during a century, has been committed or attempted in almost every section of the South. If neither the physical nor the moral well-being of the freedman has been improved, what has been his gain?

The extraordinary cruelty of modern philanthropy is a wonder to many, but its philosophy is simple. All men feel that they are sinners in the presence of a holy and heart-searching God.—All men feel that this offended Being must be propitiated, else the offender must bear the penalty of his crimes. A dim notion of vicarious suffering has been found everywhere, and in every age of the world. Hence altars have smoked with victims, since the sacrifice of Abel down to the present day. Hence even "the fruit of the body has been given for the sin of the soul." In the Christian scheme of religion, Jesus Christ is recognized as being the great vicarious sufferer, by whom God is reconciled to man and man is

drawn near to God. But in New England, where all humanitarian schemes have originated, the doctrine of the atonement is denied. Good works (so-called) take the place of faith in Christ. Having thus practically subverted Christianity and established a new plan of salvation, the shrewd, calculating New-Englander casts about to see what form of good works will cost least and pay best. He is not long in discovering that benevolence is the best investment in a business point of view. It costs no mortification of the lusts of the flesh, no abatement of carnal pride, no humbling of the soul before its God. Moreover, a venture in a stock of benevolence is very sure to be safe. The benevolent is certain to occupy a prominent place in the public eye. The newspapers will proclaim his munificence, town-councils will give him votes of thanks, societies will enroll him as an honorary member, ladies will caress him, the marble will tell of his deeds to the next generation. Who has not heard more of the Peabody fund then of all the self-sacrificing labors of Christian ministers from one end of the land to the other?

But the shrewdness of the New-Englander did not stop here. He selected not only the cheapest form of good works, but also the cheapest kind of benevolence. This he found in sympathy with the oppressed race—costing no outlay of dollars and cents, only a large outlay of hate towards the master. Hence abolitionism had its root in the benevolence, which springs out of infidelity. It is easy to see how the philanthropist of this school, with his nature unchanged and his heart unrenewed, will feel the bitterest rancor towards all, who thwart him in his schemes. Whole pages might be quoted from Major Nicholl's "Story of the Great March" to show how a genuine abolition philanthropist could enjoy house-burning, and plundering, the distress of women and the suffering of children.—Let a single extract suffice to show how he exulted in these things.—Atlanta was burned in cold blood nearly three months after its capture. Of this work of destruction, the gallant Major thus speaks:

"Atlanta is entirely deserted by human beings, excepting a few soldiers here and there. The houses are vacant; there is no trade or traffic of any kind; the streets are empty. Beautiful roses bloom in the gardens of fine houses, but a terrible stillness and solitude cover all, depressing the hearts even of those *who are glad to destroy it.* In the peaceful homes at the North, there can be no conception how these people have suffered for their crimes."

No people are ever better than their religion. They always fall below their own standard, or are influenced by it. Thus the worshippers of Venus were impure; the worshippers of Moloch were cruel; and of Mercury, were crafty. The religion of the modern reformer is based upon a principle, which begets pride, conceit, arrogancy. Hence the so-called philanthropist, when crossed in his schemes for his own spiritual and temporal advancement, is the most sanguinary of men. Robespierre is a type of the class. He,

at one time, boldly and eloquently advocated the abolition of capital punishment. It seemed a dreadful thing, to his benevolent mind, for a criminal to be punished.—But when his philanthropic schemes were thwarted, the tender-hearted Robespierre had no appetite for breakfast until he had signed the death-warrant of at least half a dozen victims. During his reign, "the mandates of death issued from the capital and a thousand guillotines were immediately raised in every town and village in France: fifteen hundred Bastiles, spread through the departments, soon groaned with the multitude of captives; unable to contain their numbers, the monasteries, the palaces, the chateaux were generally employed as temporary places of confinement. . . Seven thousand prisoners were soon accumulated in the different places of confinement in Paris; the number throughout France exceeded 200,000. . . The abodes of festivity, the palaces of kings, the altars of religion were crowded with victims: fast as the guillotine did its work, it could not reap the harvest of death which everywhere presented itself; and the crowded state of the prisons soon produced contagious diseases, which swept off thousands of their unhappy inmates." (Alison's History of Europe.)

Could we expect anything better from a religion, which tramples under foot the blood of Christ and esteems it an unholy thing? Which sets up self instead of God, as the object of worship? Can we expect its spirit to be less cruel, sanguinary, and remorseless in America than in Europe? Love for man, in its infernal scheme, being only another name for hatred of God, that hatred naturally extends to all His creatures. So by an apparent paradox, though really a logical sequence, we find the professed humanitarian, the bitterest enemy of his race and the most dangerous member of society. The benevolent discourses, in the Tabernacle and Plymouth Church, brought forth their legitimate fruit in the bummer-exploits in Carolina and Georgia.

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In the article, Richmond Fifty Years Ago, in July number, the name of Major Gibbon was incorrectly spelt, by too closely following copy. The relatives of Major Gibbon, the family to which Major General John Gibbon, U. S. A., belongs, reside in our town. From Dr. G., the father of the General, we have received this characteristic anecdote of President Jackson.

Some officious person reported to President Jackson, that Major Gibbon, then Collector of Richmond, had spoken very disrespectfully of him, the President. Gen. Jackson inquired of the meddlesome individual whether there were any complaints of Major Gibbon in his official capacity. "No," replied the informant "Well then," said the magnanimous President, "if the hero of Stony Point attends faithfully to the duties of his office, he has a right to abuse me or any one else as much as he pleases. Clear out."

President Jackson was an arbi-

trary, and it may be, an overbearing man, but no one in the United States was more deeply imbued with the great American idea, that the freedom of the press and the freedom of speech must not be interfered with.

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The name of one of the bondsmen for Mr. Davis brings to our recollection an anecdote, which we heard in early life. A Northern man married in our native village, a Southern lady, and died soon after the marriage. The widow in looking over his papers after his decease, discovered that her husband was indebted in the sum of a thousand dollars to a leading Abolitionist at the North. She sent for the Administrator of the estate and told him that there must be no stain upon the memory of her husband, and proposed selling her house and lot to pay the debt. The Administrator wrote to the creditor, stating the destitute condition of the widow, and her honorable intentions. For an answer, he received a letter enclosing the note of the deceased husband as a present to the widow. The Administrator was the brother of the Editor of this Magazine, and the name of the generous creditor, as we remember it, was Gerritt Smith, of New York. In a private letter to ourselves, he says "it is time for men to quit hating, and to learn to love one another." A truly noble sentiment, to which every true soldier North or South, who did his duty in the field, responds heartily "amen!"

An admirer of Major General Butler, U. S. A., said of him in speaking of his administration in New Orleans, that he had "the best nose for scenting treason, in the United States." To which Brick Pomeroy replied and "for scenting spoons." We think, however, that there are just as good noses in Dixie as that of the great warrior from Massachusetts. We will stand up for Dixie! As an instance of the excellence of the olfactories in Dixie, we will mention that an old comrade in arms at Brookville, Mississippi, tried several times to remit the loyal green-backs to us, but some good loyal soul loved them "not wisely but too well." They never reached this little village. The experiment was then tried of sending a ten dollar Confederate bill and it went and returned in safety! The envelope was not even broken! The rebel odor of the condemned currency betrayed it to the sensitive nose of the loyal smeller! Dixie can beat Massachusetts at her own game.

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Our Advertisements.—We are glad to notice that Washington College recognizes the necessity for a change in the old fogy system of college education. It has a School of Modern Languages and English, a School of Mathematics, a School of Applied Mathematics, a School of Natural Philosophy, a School of Chemistry, and another of Applied Chemistry, and a Department of Civil and Mining Engineering.

The distinguished President and his able corps would have attracted many pupils in any event, but

in the present impoverished condition of the South, four hundred would not have been gathered under their supervision, had not the people been impressed with their judicious *curriculum* of studies.

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The Dolbear Commercial College at New Orleans presents also an opportunity for a practical education, suited to our present condition—a condition brought about in a large degree by our former system of education.

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We have no personal acquaintance with the Principal of the Louisburg Male Academy, but he has a high reputation. Captain Shepherd was a splendid soldier of the "lost cause." He is a ripe scholar and one of our highly valued contributors.

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## BOOK NOTICES.

THE MEMOIRS
OF
# GEN. TURNER ASHBY
AND
HIS COMPEERS.
BY
REV. JAMES B. AVIRETT,
(CHAPLAIN OF ASHBY CAVALRY,)
*AND OTHER OFFICERS OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VA., C. S. A.*
BALTIMORE: SELBY & DULANY.
1867.

WE have received and read this work with pleasure. It is written in the best style of discursive biography, and puts into lasting and pleasing shape the story of one of the most popular and romantic characters on the Southern side of the great civil war. Mr. Avirett has been peculiarly fortunate in the fact, that whilst the chief subject of his memoir possessed in abundance all the chivalric elements of the hero, so well calculated to fire the blood of youth and win the admiration of all, there seems to have been nothing in the character of General Ashby, which the wise and prudent might not hold up for the imitation and example of all young men in the land.—No vicious blot seems ever to have marred in the slightest degree the almost perfect character of this chivalrous soldier and Christian gentleman, whose untimely fate caused such mourning and regret throughout the whole South.—The biography of such men is really valuable, and should not be permitted to perish—as thousands of similar characters will perish—with the generation that knew them. Therefore, overlooking its defects—and it has some—for the sake of the lovely character it portrays, as well as for the thorough manner in which its story is told, we commend the book most heartily to our people.

Z. B. V.

MISS VIRGINIA PENNY'S BOOK—"THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN."

A most excellent work, bearing the above title, has been written by Miss Virginia Penny, of Louisville, Kentucky, to which I wish to call the attention of the readers of *The Land we Love*, especially the females. This book contains a greater amount of knowledge, essentially useful to females, dependent upon their own unaided efforts for an honorable livelihood, than any I have seen. In my judgment, a copy of it ought to be in the hands of every lady in the South.

The author has, with a truly philanthropic regard for her sex, pointed out the many and various pursuits in which woman may be usefully, honorably, and profitably employed. This is done, in 532 articles, by facts and figures. No lady can read this volume without profit to herself or others.—How Miss Penny has collected so much useful knowledge, so valuable to her sex, is a wonder. This work must have cost her much toil and money. Varied knowledge, industry, great care, uncommon patience, and peculiar talent have surely never been found combined in the production of any similar work. Similar! There is nothing extant like it.

Such a volume has never before been accessible to our wives and daughters. It is an index pointing to what they ought to know. It is, in some sense, a vindication of woman's natural right to occupy places and positions suitable to her talent, tact, and taste; from which man, in too many instances, has pushed her aside to make room for himself. It is a *timely offering*, and comes to woman's assistance when want confuses the mind, and demoralization would make her its victim. It is a work of morality and practical Christianity. It, in effect, says seek and sorrow not; work and weep not; hope and happiness may be yours. It suggests that thousands would not be what they are, had they known what they might be. This volume is a lamp to the young female venturing alone along the *misty present* without a star of hope in the *dark future*. It is an honor to the head and heart of its fair author. She has sent South, for gratuitous distribution, many copies of the work. Two dollars, its price, cannot be better expended. I say to every lady, buy the work for your own use or that of others.

BURWELL N. CARTER.

WILLIAMSTOWN, KY.

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The Richmond *Eclectic*, which stands in the front-rank of American Magazines, has the following "Table of Contents," for July:

Ritualism; Gibbon's Memoirs; Thomas Hood; An old Story Re-Told; A Modern Magician; Anita's Prayer; Hebrew Poetry; The Hour of Prayer; A Night in the Jura; Science and Art—Pictures of the Year; The Channel Railway Connecting England and France; The Comparative Geography of Palestine and the Sinaitic Peninsula; Miscellanies from Foreign Magazines.

# WASHINGTON COLLEGE,

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

GEN. R. E. LEE, PRESIDENT, aided by a corps of twenty Instructors, including a Professor of Law.

THE next session will begin on 3rd Thursday in September, and end on 3rd Thursday in June.

Lexington may be reached by stage from Staunton or Goshen, on the Virginia Central Railroad: from Lynchburg by Canal, or by stage from Bonsack's on the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad.

For further particulars apply to Clerk of the Faculty for Catalogue.

August—1867-3t

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# BELMONT SCHOOL,

GRANVILLE, COUNTY, N. C.

The Fall session, of 1867, begins JULY 11th. Boys arriving at Henderson, N. C., at the proper time, will find prompt conveyance.

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August—1867-1t

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July, 1867—3m

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MISSES NASH AND MISS KOLLOCK, PRINCIPALS.

☞ Circulars furnished on application.

July 1867—6t

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LOUISBURG, N. C.

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TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS.

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| English Tuition,..... | 20 00 |
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Louisburg. has long been proverbial as the "village of Schools" and its reputation in point of health and morality, is unsurpassed. It is our endeavor to prepare boys thoroughly, to enter to advantage any College in the country, or to qualify them for all the practical purposes of life. Mathematics being the ground work of a business education, more time and attention are devoted to that, than any other branch of study.

M. S. DAVIS,
H. E. SHEPHERD, } Principals.

June—1867-3t

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# THE BINGHAM SCHOOL

Is pleasantly located near Mebaneville Depot on the North Carolina Railroad, in a remarkably healthful region.

The Course of Instruction is

## Classical, Mathematical, and Commercial,

Including the branches of study essential to a thorough preparation, either for a University course, or for business.

This School was established by the grandfather of the present proprietors, and has been in successful operation for more than sixty years.

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Col. WM. BINGHAM,

April, 1867—9m MEBANEVILLE, N. C.

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May 1867—9m

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**Mrs. M. A. BURWELL,** English Branches, and Superintendent of Social Duties.

**Miss H. EMMONS,** English Branches.

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*The Session consists of two terms of twenty weeks each, the one commencing the 1st of October, and the other the 15th of February.*

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

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# Concord Female College,

In the N. C. Presbyterian of September 26th, an article was published over the signature of "Amicus." I invite attention to an extract from that article. "If wholesome discipline, devotion to the cause of education, skill and experience in teaching will secure success, then the Faculty of this Female College have all the elements of success. There is no institution where the mental culture, the health, the morals, and the manners of the pupils are more looked after and cared for."

The next Session will commence on the second Monday of January, 1867. Each boarder will find her own lights and towels, and also a pair of sheets and pillow cases. The entire expense of Tuition and Board, including washing, for a Session of Twenty Weeks, will be from **$115** to **$125**, currency. Ten dollars will be deducted when full settlements are made in advance. Extra charges will be made for Music, French, Latin and Drawing. Advance payments will be expected, yet the greatest possible indulgence will be given our patrons. A large patronage is *needed, desired and expected.*

Address, **J. M. M. CALDWELL,**

January, 1867.6 Statesville, N. C.

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*(Twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C.,)*

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The 60th SESSION of this College opened September 28, 1866. This Institution is probably the best endowed of all our Southern Colleges, and contains the largest building for the accommodation of Students. The locality is remarkably healthy. Founded in the prayers of the Presbyterian Church, the College has been blessed in sending forth many pious young men and in furnishing our Theological Seminaries with many Students.

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*J. R. BLAKE, M. A.*,
Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology.

*A. McIVER, M. A.*,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

*Rev. J. M. ANDERSON, M. A.*,
Professor of Mental Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.

*W. G. RICHARDSON, M. A.*,
Professor of Greek and Modern Languages.

Tuition, $15 for each term of three months. Room-rent, servants' hire, &c., $10, for the same period.—Board at the Steward's Hall $14. The above charges are in currency. The use of the Scholarship is so far restored as to be available for the immediate family of the owner.

November, 1866. 1 y

THE II. VOLUME of the **Land We Love**, handsomely bound in library style (half calf) can be had on application to the Publishers. Price, $2 per Volume. HILL, IRWIN & CO.